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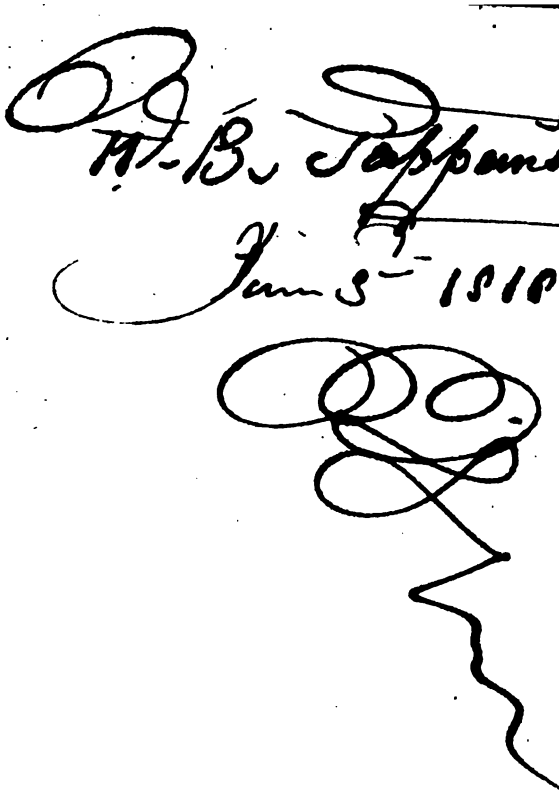
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To die ah, no! for BARRY lives
The urchins life to save.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF THE

BOSTON BARD.

"He stooped to truth, and moralized his song."

PHILADELPHIA: PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
By J. H. Cunningham.
.....
*1818.

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

SEAL

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighth day of May, in the forty-second year of the independence of the United States of America, A D. 1818, ROBERT S. COFFIN, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"*The Miscellaneous Poems of the Boston Bard.*"

"He stooped to truth, and moralized his song."

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D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

DEDICATION.

To the Officers and Members of the New-England Society, of Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN,

GRATEFUL for the honor you have conferred upon the author of the following poetic effusions, by electing him a member of your respectable Association, and desirous of testifying his sense of the favor, he takes the liberty of inscribing to you, with great diffidence, the following productions of a juvenile and uninstructed muse, to whom he has devoted only such leisure moments as could, from time to time, be stolen from his daily occupations, or from the customary hours of rest and relaxation. The extent of his hope is, that this imperfect tribute of his respect will be received, by his New-England brethren with a degree of indulgence and liberality which he could not presume to expect from others; that its literary errors may be viewed with a friendly eye; and that his *little volume* "with all its imperfections on its

To the patrons of this little work, the author tenders his grateful acknowledgments for their liberal support, and sincerely hopes they may not be disappointed in the expectations they have formed of the merits of these almost extemporaneous effusions.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH ne'er to me the SACRED NINE were known,
I have a muse, thank heaven! I call my OWN;
I caught her young—unfledged was either wing,
Nor knew she how to soar, or how to sing;
But soon, with usage kind, she learnt to fly,
And sought acquaintance with her friends on high;
'Till, luckless hour! and placed to pride's account,
She even soared midway Parnassus' mount;
But, growing weary of her useless flight,
And sure of such a task full well she might—
She paused awhile, her pinions tired, to rest,
And gaze on fields that ne'er her foot had prest;
When, lo! behind, a gristly fiend arose,
Black as the gates that Pluto's cavern close:
The space between his jutting nose and chin
Appeared an emblem of the gulf of sin;
His cheeks, as parchment pale, and eyes of lead,
Might well affright the monarch of the dead.
By slow degrees the demon stole along,
Just as my muse had well begun her song,

And, stretching forth his skinny hand, unseen,
He grasped her wings his fingers strong between:
"Now," cried the fiend, "vain fool, I hold thee fast
Long have I sought thee, thou art mine at last!
I'll crush thy pride, for both thy wings I'll clip,
And teach thee long to dread my scorpion whip;
My touch shall freeze the life-stream of thy heart,
Thine eyes with horror from their sockets start;
Then will I hurl thee headlong back to earth,
Fit subject there of ridicule and mirth.
But first, 'tis meet e'er yet from me you go,
That you my name and residence should know;
Then turn thine eyes—behold yon moss-robed cave
Lo, there I dwell—unfriended genius' grave!
My name, and let it long thy beacon be—
My name is grim, cadaverous POVERTY.
He said, then straight his keen-edged scissors drew,
And clipt her pinions "saturate with dew;"
Loosed his fell grasp, and with terrific frown,
To earth the monster hurled her headlong down.
Perchance, some critic sour will say, 'twas just—
Such folly well deserved of fate the worst;
For 'twas as vain as if the owl should rise,
To gaze upon the sun, with hood-winked eyes:

But, critic sour, if any such there be,
Thou canst not wish HER worse than she does THEE.

Friends of my song! ye candid, feeling few,
My muse, for sympathy, looks up to you;
And though she cannot "build the polished rhyme,"
Or sing as sweet as bards of ancient time;
Though at her birth no star propitious shone,
No god inspired, or "marked her for his own;"
Yet, haply, from some minstrel's bower she stole
A half-strung lyre, which long her pensive soul
In soothing, though unmeasured strains, has cheered,
Whene'er grim want or misery appeared:
And well I know your candor will excuse
The numerous blunders of my earth-born muse;—
Your cloak of charity's so long and wide,
That 'twill, at least, one half my errors hide;
And what remains may serve as nauseous food
To surfeit all that criticising brood,
Who, ape-like, make their noble selves the cause
Of self-esteem, and pay it in—APPLAUSE.

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF THE

BOSTON BARD.

ON VISITING NEW ENGLAND.

HAIL, land of good feelings! hail, home of the poor!
Hail, cradle of freedom! sweet scene of delight,
May the ROSE and the OLIVE long thrive on thy shore,
And curst be the wretch who their beauty would blight.

May thy sons be as brave as thy daughters are fair—
Thy veterans be honoured, thy statesmen caressed;
May all nations revere thee, no traitor ensnare,
But the sunshine of freedom beam bright on thy breast.

May the deeds of thy love be as lasting and bright
As thy fame is unclouded—thy charity pure;
May thy virtues be written in letters of light,
And thy name be immortal as heaven is sure.

The eagle that soars o'er thy mountains afar,
And the raven that nests where those mountains decrease,
Shall be to oppression the prophets of war,
While they lead the lone exile to freedom and peace.

Then hail to thee, home of the wretched and poor!
Hail, cradle of freedom! the stranger's delight!
May the ROSE and the OLIVE long thrive on thy shore,
And curst be the wretch who their beauty would blight.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS COFFIN.

ON the bosom of ocean he sunk to repose,
Where Neptune a hero had proved him,
And the breeze that now homeward so placidly blows
Bears a proof that his sons ever loved him.

In the mantle of death—'twas the bed of the brave—
All silent his corse they enshrouded,
And they wept, as he sunk in the dark-rolling wave,
For that VIRTUE which VICE never clouded.

No more shall the tempest that ruffles the deep,
E'er disturb the repose of his pillow;

No more shall the thunder awake from his sleep
The tar 'neath the breast of the billow.

For the rude rocks of ocean now pillow his head,
Where friendship with sorrow resigned him;
But his MEMORY survives, though his spirit has fled,
For a GOOD NAME he still leaves behind him.

THE FLOWER OF THE ROCK.

I BEHELD on a cliff, which the billows were laving,
When the sun had declined, and chill was the air,
I beheld a sweet flower in the night-breezes waving,
Like the goddess of hope on the rock of despair.

The bright gems of morn in its bosom were gleaming,
Like the tears of compassion on modesty's cheek;
And the mild queen of night in her blue chamber beaming,
Shed a soft lustre round the sweet floweret so meek.

I beheld it awhile, but the storm was approaching,
The moon hid her light from the bleak rugged shore,
And the dark waves below on its bed were encroaching;
I beheld, and the floweret, alas! was no more.

Sweet flower of the rock, while thy fate I am telling—
While my heart bleeds to view thee thus abject and low,
E'en now o'er my head the rough billows are swelling,
Which, like thee, may engulph me in misery and wo.

THE SLANDERER.

KNOW'ST thou the fiend of the fearful hour,
That wanders alone on mortality's shore;
That treads on the graves where brave men repose,
And wilfully tramples the church-yard rose?

Know'st thou the fiend of the night's cold noon,
That gazes with hate on the beauteous moon;
That soils and mars with the finger of shame
The artless record of the poor man's fame?

Know'st thou the fiend of the livid hue,
Whom the eye of mortals may seldom view;
That places his hand on the heart of the good,
Congealing for ever the vital flood?

Know'st thou the fiend of the scornful eye,
That inhales the pure breath of love's warm sigh,
And returns it back, polluted and foul,
To poison and wither the fond one's soul?

Know'st thou the fiend? dost thou see him advance
O heaven protect thee from his baleful glance;
For should'st thou be seen by that eye of flame,
Farewell to thy HONOR, thy GLORY, thy FAME.

HOPE.

THOUGH the place of her birth was the bosom of sorr
And the goddess reposed in the cradle of care,
Yet the light of her smile is the sun of the morrow,
While she laughs at destruction, and mocks at desp

Her bright-beaming eye on the dark stormy ocean,
Like the ray of the morn can illumine the deep;
It cheers the poor sea-boy, and calms his emotion,
When the whirlwinds of heaven arouse him from sle

In the breast of the christian, when life is expiring,
When the warm hand of friendship from death can
save;
When the last breath of life from the heart is retiri
And already his feet press the land of the grave,—

Then, O Hope, art thou nigh in this moment distressi
This last, gloomy hour of mortality's even,
And as virtue bequeaths to the sufferer its blessing,
Thy smile cheers his soul, as thy hand points to hea

DESPAIR.

HIS pillow is gemmed with the tears of the sky,
And the hoar frost of autumn hath silvered his hair-
The bittern's hoarse screaming he heeds not on hig
For his name—need I tell ye? his name is Despai

On the bleak, dizzy cliff of the mountain's dark bro
Full often he wanders unmindful of fear—
But his heart, though o'erburdened with sorrow and w
Is seldom relieved by a sigh or a tear.

His bosom's commotion no soothing can calm,
But folly and madness his reason expel,
Till, clutching a dagger, while fiends nerve his arm,
He sheathes in his bosom, and rushes to hell.

COMPASSION.

O I marked her blue eye—it was humid and bright,
And her sighs were more gentle than evening's l
breath;
But the look that she gave—O 'twas dear to the sight
As the smile on the cheek of RELIGION in DEATH.

To her quick-heaving bosom an orphan she pressed,
While the soft stream of sympathy stole from her ey
And her accents were soothing as words of the blest,
Speaking peace to the soul from the azure-arched sk

On the cheek of the wanderer, though cold as the sno
Her life-breathing lips she with gentleness laid;
Again 'twas illumined with health's ruddy glow—
Again o'er its features serenity played.

Compassion, I hail thee, thou first-born of heaven!
For thou lovest in the breast of the minstrel to dwell—
And when from the doors of the rich thou art driven,
His heart is thy pillow—his bosom thy cell.

REVENGE.

IN life's purple current his hands are imbrued,
And his eye-balls flash fierce with the lightnings of rage;
With the tears of the righteous his feet are bedewed,
And his dagger is red with the blood of old age.

The place of his soul is the wild dæmon's dwelling—
On his dark, sullen brow 'thrones the spectre of Cain,
And the grim fiends of hell, terrificly yelling,
Urge his soul on to murder, and frenzy his brain.

His blood-sprinkled hand grasps a lock of the hoary,
While furies are sounding the fame of their chief:
His face is concealed 'neath his mantle so gory,
But his heart knows no pity—it melts not at grief.

At midnight's dread hour, e'en the stoutest hearts frightening,
He climbs the dark mountain or ploughs thro' the flood,
And wild as the whirlwind, more swift than the lightning,
Deals death to his victim, then bathes in his blood.

MELANCHOLY.

SHE dwells by a stream, where the cypress and willow
Are gemed with the tears that fall from her eye;
The earth is her bed, and the flint-stone her pillow,
Midnight her mantle, her curtain the sky.

Her cell is a cave, where the bright beam of morning
Ne'er pierced the chill gloom of its wildering maze;
Where the sunshine of joy, youth's visage adorning,
Ne'er warmed with its fire, or cheered with its rays.

The moon is her lamp, when the mist-mantled mountain
At midnight she clambers, and walks on its steep;
Or leans on the rock of a crystaline fountain,
And sighs to the zephyr that dimples the deep.

Her tresses are dark as the wing of the raven,
Her robes are all wet, and her bosom is bare;
Like a barque on the waves 'mid the whirlwinds of heav'n
She wanders distracted, or sinks in despair.

SONG.

LAST SMILE OF LOVE.

DEAR is the blush of the morn's early light,
When the minstrels of nature enliven the grove;
But dearer to me, by the pale orb of night,
's the last tearful smile of affection and love.

Dear is the hour when the sun hath withdrawn,
If conscience the deeds of the day may approve;
But dearer to me, ere the lark hails the dawn,
Is the last lingering smile of affection and love.

Dear to the bard, when the world is all still,
O'er meadow and mountain with wisdom to rove;
But dearer to me, at the foot of the hill,
Is the last parting smile of affection and love.

And since 'tis of man the unchangeable doom,
That from earth's fleeting pleasures he soon must move,
I ask for no ray to illumine my tomb,
But the last tearful smile of affection and love.

SONG.

GO, tell her, her soul is as pure
As the tears of the night on the thorn;
Go, tell her, her eyes are as bright
As the earliest beams of the morn.

Go, tell her, her smiles are as sweet
As the smiles of the happy in heaven;
Go, tell her, her voice is as mild
As the last whispering breezes of ev'n.

Go, tell her, the hue of her cheek
Surpasses the bloom of the rose;
Go, tell her, her soul is as chaste
As Zembla's unsullied snows.

Go, tell her all this, and no more—
But to tell her, I love her—forget;
Go, tell her all this—but no more,
Till my grave with her tear-drops is wet.

SONG.

BLUE EYED MAID OF ERIN.

O, WHO is she,
That smiles on me,
So soft, so kind, endearing—
Who can it be,
So artless free,
To my rapt vision nearing;
With eyes so bright,
And steps so light,
And looks so sweetly cheering?
O 'tis the maid
In truth arrayed—
Sweet blue eyed MAID OF ERIN.

OF THE BOSTON BARD.

O beauteous lass,
Whom none surpass,
My heart from sorrow clearing—
I dash my glass,
And haste to mass,
To hail thy glad appearing;
Thy smiles so sweet,
Thy looks so neat,
Than rosy wine are cheering:
Then be thy breast
My lasting rest,
SWEET BLUE EYED MAID OF ERIN.

SONG.

LOVE, the leaves are falling round thee,
All the forest trees are bare;
Winter's snows will soon surround thee,
Soon will frost thy raven hair:
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Nor wait to hear sad autumn's prayer;
For winter, rude,
Will soon intrude,
Nor aught of summer's blushing beauties sp

Love, the rose lies withering by thee,
And the lily blooms no more;
Nature's charms will quickly fly thee—
Chilling rains around thee pour:
O then with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Ere whirling tempests round thee roar,
And winter, dread,
Shall frost thy head,
And all thy raven ringlets silver o'er?

Love, the moon is shining for thee,
All the lamps of heaven are bright;
Holy spirits glide before thee,
Urging on thy tardy flight:
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Nor wait the sun's returning light:
TIME'S finger, rude,
Will soon intrude,
And, heedless, all THY blushing beauties blight?

Love, the flowers no longer greet thee,
All their lovely hues have fled;
The violet springs no more to meet thee,
Lifting slow its modest head:
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,

And leave this darkling desert, dread,
And seek a clime
Of joys sublime,
Where fadeless flowers their lasting fragrance shed?

SONG.

"DULCE DOMUM," OR "SWEET HOME."

[This song, translated from the Latin, is an ancient production, and was usually sung by the Graduates of the Universities, on Commencement Day.]

BELOVED companions let us sing;
Ah! why does silence chain the tongue?
Arouse! and let this concave ring
With home, sweet home, that sweetest song.

CHORUS.

Sweet home—home—sweet, sweet home,
Companions, let us sing;—
With home—home—sweet, sweet home,
Let the high concave ring.

Behold! the hour of sweet release,
From studious toil, full soon will come;
Yes—soon, full soon, our studies cease—
O then, how dear the thoughts of home!

Hark! how the heavenly minstrels sing,
Rejoicing at EMANUEL'S birth:
"All hail, SALVATION'S MIGHTY KING!
"GLORY IN HEAVEN—GOOD WILL ON EARTH."

Rejoice, ye mortals!—'tis the day
That dawned on man's benighted soul,
And left RELIGION'S steady ray,
To light him to her heavenly goal.

Soon may our SAVIOUR'S love be known
Through earth's remotest regions wild;
Soon may we view before his throne
Dark superstition's hapless child.

Thrice happy we—thrice nobly blest,
Who hear this gladdening voice from heaven:
"Welcome, ye weary, to my rest,
"Sinners, REPENT, and be FORGIVEN."

All hail, SALVATION'S sacred morn!
"By angels loved, by saints revered;"
All hail, the day our LORD was born,
And BETHLEHEM'S STAR the shepherds cheered.

WRITTEN ON THE LEAF OF A LADY'S BIBLE.

WHEN thy beauty shall fade, as 'tis certain it must,
And time from thy cheek steal the bloom which it gave,

When the cold hand of death shall consign thee to dust,
And the wild flower bloom on the clod of thy grave;

If thy hopes have been placed on these pages of truth;
And virtue with beauty together thou'st blended—
If thou'st trusted in GOD in the days of thy youth,
And the hand of relief to the wretched extended;

Then though fortune should frown and weak friendship betray,
And thy bark become wrecked on mortality's shore,
Yet, this BOOK, if its truths thou shalt ever obey,
Shall guide thee to regions where pain is no more:

Where no waves e'er shall toss thee, no rude winds can blow,
But where pleasure's pure fountain unceasing shall flow.

TO A DOUBTFUL FRIEND.

HAST thou marked on the deep, when the billows were sleeping,
When the wild winds were mute, and Cynthia shone bright;
Hast thou marked o'er its surface her silver beams creeping,
To repose in the dimple that cradles her light?

Hast thou marked on the rose, in the calm hour of evening,
When the zephyr breathes mild, and the pale star appears;
Hast thou marked on its leaves the gems of night stealing,
To repose in the bosom that cradles her tears?

Hast thou marked the wan cheek, when health was decaying,
When the christian expiringia yielding his breath;
Hast thou marked o'er his features the smile of hope straying,
To repose in the dimple of VIRTUE in death?

O if THIS thou hast marked, and passed by unheeding,
If thy soul hath not sighed, nor tears hast thou shed,
Then, indeed, for THY friendship I would not be pleading,
For thy HEART is a ROCK, and thy FEELINGS are DEAD.

MORTALITY.

OH, it is painful to the feeling mind
To mark the wretched wreck of human fame;
To view the lifeless form so dark enshrined,
Returning to the dust from whence it came.

Look at that form—time was when grace and ease,
And majesty, its motions all possessed;
Behold it now—a victim of disease—
The pulse slow beating, and the throbbing breast.

Look at that eye—mortal, it was as bright
As that which gazes heedless on it now:
How has its lustre fled! eclipsed in night!
Languid and beamless, 'neath the sullen brow.

Look at that cheek—yon glorious orb of heaven
At morning's dawn, beheld its healthy hue;
E'en like the leaf, by autumn's tempests driven,
That glow has fled forever from thy view.

Look at those lips—time was when they could pour
The honied strains of harmony divine;
Whose eloquence could crush a Nero's power,
Or rouse the soul to ecstacy sublime.

Behold them now—convulsive, bloodless, cold—
The last, the half-articulated sound
Expiring e'er the parting wish is told—
E'er it hath blessed the weeping friends around.

Mortal, behold this gloomy picture of decay,
This shattered wreck of beauty, manhood, worth;
Behold this crumbling monument of clay,
This cold, this quivering, palsied clod of earth.

Behold, and mark it well—for thou shalt be
E'en like what thou mayest now with sorrow
Thy robe is not of immortality,
It is the spider's web, surcharged with dew.

And dost thou weep at portraiture like this?
Does thy affrighted spirit shun the sight?
'Tis but the presage of approaching bliss—
The gloomy entrance to the realms of light.

If there was not another world on high—
If there was not a mansion for the blest,
Then, mortal, mightest thou weep and fear to
And, trembling, view thy narrow house of re

But thou dost know—thy conscience tells the
That though the worm upon thy flesh may p
Yet, in the image of its God, again
Thy form shall rise, freed from its robe of cla

O then, what time the king of terrors, dread,
Shall shew his ebbing sand and errless dart,
Rejoice—by him thy blessed Saviour bled—
His fated arrow pierced thy Saviour's heart.

He rose—thy heavenly king in triumph rose,
And burst the gloomy prison of the grave;
Rejoice—he all thy earthly frailties knows,
And from corruption shall thy spirit save.

"ELLEN," TO THE "BOSTON BARD."

PEACE to thee, stranger! though sorrow is thine,
Thy song shall chase away care;
The muse round thy brow a bright garland entwine,
The blossoms impearl with a tear.

Though dark was the cloud that o'ershadowed thy morn,
And chequered thy path with despair,
The flowerets that bloomed, intermingled with thorn,
Shall flourish unfadingly here.

Fond hope sweetly whispers, "O here may'st thou rest,
This soil shall cherish thy worth;
'Tis she who awakened the song in thy breast,
That presides the bright star of thy birth."

The friend who has ventured to cheer with her lay,
Is the child of misfortune and wo;
The clouds of affliction have darkened her day,
The storms of adversity blow.

Yet, calm o'er her mind steals the soft pensive strain,
Of a bard that's obscure and unknown;
Whose wild, plaintive lyre has thrilled not in vain,
But soothed with its heavenly tone.

REPLY TO "ELLEN."

SINCE the clouds of affliction first darkened my day—
Since the cold hand of poverty palsied my soul;
Since the bright star of hope first withheld its blest ray,
And the shadow of death o'er my fair prospects stole;

O, I ne'er had enjoyed—I never had known
An hour of tranquillity, free from alloy,
Till the sound of THY harp, with its sweet soothing tone,
Again re-illumined my wan cheek with joy.

Dear lady, I know that the dawn of thy bliss
Full truly has proved but the presage of pain;
And as thy chaste lip gave affection its kiss,
Misfortune stood near, and reclaimed it again.

Yet, lady, believe that the mercy of heaven,
Which views not, unheeded, an insect expire,
Will help thee to bear all the ills it has given,
And still thy lone heart with new courage inspire.

Look forward with hope, and RELIGION'S mild ray
Shall dispel all the clouds of thy darkness and sorrow—
The sun that looks on thee with coldness to-day,
May beam on thy bosom, ETERNAL, to-morrow.

But O, if the strain of a harp long unstrung,
May back to thy bosom its calmness restore,
*Then, lady, in*deed, not "in vain" have I sung—
The reward *is* sufficient—I ask for no more.

THE VETERAN.

A FACT.

BLEAK blew the wind, the snow fell fast,
In torrents poured the hail,
When shrinking 'neath the wintery blast,
And tottering in the gale,

A hoary veteran, poor and brave,
Approached a mansion high,
Who oft his country's rights to save,
Had fought with bravery.

His tear-dimed eyes most wishful viewed
This mansion's closed door,
And oft he wished the rich were good,
And pitied the poor.

For now no home the hero had,
Where he might seek repose;
But, in a tattered mantle clad,
He wandered through the snows.

And well he knew that misery's tale
But few will deign to hear;
That those who never feel the gale,
And seldom wipe a tear,—

As seldom sooth the sufferer's grief
Although they hear his cry,
Or grant the starving wretch relief,
Though at their doors he die.

He knew man's heart was obdurate,
And few there was 'twere good;
But many breasts were filled with hate,
And black ingratitude.

While thus his heart was wounded sore,
For man, so deep in sin,
The feeling master ope'd his door,
And bade him welcome in.

The thanks the veteran could not speak,
His tears full loud expressed,
As, rolling down his furrowed cheek,
They glittered on his breast.

"Speak, hoary veteran," said his host,
"And tell me all thy woes;
"Tell me what sorrows break thy peace,
"And keep thee from repose.

"Hast thou no wife—no children dear,
"Nor home where thou can'st rest?
"*Then shalt* thou find a welcome here,
"*And* thou shalt yet be blest.

"For O, my sire was poor, though brave,
"And much resembled thee;
"But found on Abram's plains his grave,—
"He died for liberty.

"My mother long these hands sustained,
"I daily earned her food,
"And she my steps from vice restrained,
"And taught me to be good.

"And oft to me she'd sighing say,
"An orphan soon thou'lt be,
"Abandoned in life's early day,
"The heir of misery.

"But O, my child, remember well
"The lessons I have given;
"Forever shun the road to hell,
"And seek the path to heaven.

"For know, that flowers of odours sweet,
"Heaven's narrow path adorns,
"But hell's broad road, where demons meet,
"Is strewed with rankling thorns.

"And when thou seest a warrior, brave,
"Who has nor house, nor home,
"Fast sinking to the gloomy grave,
"Yet doomed in want to roam;

"Then let thy soul compassion move,
"To cheer the hero's heart,

"And by kind words, and deeds of love,
"Extract affliction's dart.

"For O, my son, thy father, dead,
"Such deeds would oft perform;
"He oft the starving soldier fed,
"And shielded from the storm.

"Such noble deeds as these, my son,
"Shall bring thee lasting fame;
"And thou shalt prove, when these are done,
"Worthy DELDACIUS' name.

"Soon as his host DELDACIUS named,
"The warrior's looks were wild;
"He raised his eyes, and loud exclaimed,
"Good God! THOU ART MY CHILD."

"EDWIN, I'll ever dwell with you,
"Nor think of sorrows past;
"Thy words, my son, indeed were true,
"For I am blest at last."

SPRING.

STERN winter's past—his reign is o'er,
And nature smiles serene;
The violet peeps from birchen bower
To hail the beauteous scene.

The billows gently kiss the shore,
The streamlet freely flows,
The tempest's roar
Is heard no more,
To break spring's deep repose.

The lily, robed in snowy vest,
Perfumes the desert air;
The rose, erst chilled on winter's breast,
Revives to deck the fair.

The dew-drops dance on every spray,
And gemm the fragrant lawn,
While warblers gay
Renew their lay,
And hail the rosy dawn.

GOOD-NATURED SPRING, thy glad return
I hail with joy sincere;
Thy beams are sweet to those who mourn,
Thy smiles to misery dear.

Yes, gentle spring, thou can'st beguile
The sorrows of the breast;
Then stay awhile,
And with thy smile
Lull sorrow's soul to rest.

And haste thee on, thou heavenly spring,
Of beauty's faded form;
O haste, and back the roses bring
To him that feasts the worm.

Soon may thy beams, with lustre bright,
The death-dimmed eye relume,
And bid from night
Awake to light,
The tenant of the tomb.

TO A LADY.

OH, I do love thine eye of blue,
Thus softly mild, thus mildly bright;
And yet I cannot bear to view
That frown which even hope would blight.

When first I gazed—O moment sweet!
Methought thy breast was mercy's throne,
Where love, at least, would pity meet—
That pity sooth my bosom lone.

But thou art false—thy heart is cold—
Yea, cold as Zembla's frozen clime,
Whose barren shores, with ice enrolled,
Ne'er waked the soul to aught sublime.

Yet I have loved—yes, loved too well—
And still would love, though hope has fled;
But thy indifference says farewell,
And chills the tears that love would shed.

And I have done—for vain's the strife
With tears to melt thy frozen breast;
So fare thee well—but may thy life
Be calm and bright as mine's unblest.

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.

COLUMBIANS, rise, and hail the day
That gave your SAVIOUR birth!
Awake, arise! the minstrel's lay
Shall sound its glory forth:
The spirits of the mighty dead
Shall echo back the strain;
For 'tis the hour
They FELT their power,
And spurned oppression's chain.

CHORUS.

Sons of freedom, ever prize
What your hero's valor won;
Sons of freedom, brave and wise,
In ALL things be—like WASHINGTON.

Awake—arise! 'tis freedom's morn,
Her banner's high unfurled:
Awake—arise! the STAR-GEMMED FLAG
Hath triumphed o'er the world:

And long that starry banner high,
O'er freedom's shore shall wave;
Nor shall the foe
E'er lay it low,
But to enshroud the brave.

CHORUS.

Sons of freedom, &c.

Awake—arise! and ever pour
The loud-swelled song of praise,
To him, the chief our hearts adore,
And claims our sweetest lays;
He spake! Columbia sprang to birth,
And cast aside her yoke:
He gave the word—
The tyrant's sword,
And slavery's spell were broke!

CHORUS.

Sons of freedom, &c.

Awake—arise! renew the strain,
O sweep again the lyre:
Columbia's NAVY ploughs the main—
Columbia triumphs there:
The Turkish CRESCENT, dim and pale,
Hath sunk beneath the STAR!

No longer's heard,
No more is feared
TRIPOLI'S blast of war.

CHORUS.

Sons of OCEAN ever prize,
What DECATUR'S valor won;
Sons of OCEAN, brave and wise,
DECATUR is your WASHINGTON.

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION

GENERAL XAVIER MINA.

CURSE on thee, Spain!—thou fairest, foulest spot earth;
Thou sink of sin, with roses crowned;
Thou illegitimate—thou hasty birth,
From putrefaction's teeming mound!
Thou whitened sepulchre, within whose shell
Pollution finds a ready home—
Whose breath is deadly as the Upas' smell,
Whose bosom is the PATRIOT'S TOMB—
O, treacherous SPAIN, how dreadful is thy doom.

SODOM, to THEE compared, would stand as pure
As is the snow in heaven's chaste stores;

Yes, e'en Gomorrah—that ungodly sewer—
Is cleaner than thy blood-stained shores:
Heaven veils itself above the darkling clouds,
And blushes o'er thy million crimes;
The sun, his face in three-fold darkness shroud
Till he hath passed thy purple shrines,
Where FREEDOM's brow the thorn-wove garlanc

And thou, detested FERDINAND! thou blind,
Malicious foe of LIBERTY;
Thou curse of FREEDOM—hated of MANKIND,
And scorned by all the brave and free;
Soon, tyrant, may thy cruel bosom feel
The thousand tortures those have borne
Whom thou hast stretched upon the murderou
And whom, with raging tortures torn,
To thy dark soul have lasting vengeance swor

Soon may the spirit of that chieftain brave
Who erst hath bled in freedom's cause;
Whose valour might a LEON's honour save—
Protect its sacred rights and laws;
Soon may his gallant spirit rouse from sleep
A bold, DETERMINED, veteran band,
Who, on the altars of their faith, shall swear
To free their hapless native land,
Or blot the stain of slavery with the blood of Fe

LET ME DRINK.

ANACREONTIC.

LET me drink, since 'tis all the relief
We find in this desert below;
Give me wine—'tis the soother of grief,
And the Lethean water of wo.

Bring the bowl—let me sip of its wave
Till reason and feeling expire;
Bring the bowl—place it light on my grave,
'Twill moisten the chords of my lyre.

Bring the bowl—let none from my sod,
Not even dull apathy go,
Till deeply he drinks to the care-killing god,
And pledges the minstrel below.

Bring the bowl—let a stranger come nigh,
One nursed in morality's school,
And drinking, exclaim, with a tear-moistened eye,
"Here sleeps a fat DRUNKARD and FOOL."

LOVE.

YOU ask where it dwells,
And where its abode;
What bosom it swells,
What valleys or dells
It lately hath trod.

Believe me, dear maid,
Thou'lt seek it in vain;
'Tis flown from the glade,
It warms not the shade,
Nor cheers it the plain.

The bosom of youth
Its pillow is not;
For naught but untruth
Are the warm vows of youth—
Soon made, and forgot.

Love hath but one home,
Save one that's above;
Then why, maiden, roam?
I'll shew thee its home
In the nest of the dove.

HOBOKEN.*

TO the dark, bloody shore of HOBOKEN is gliding
The skiff of false honour, deep freighted and strong;
And the spectre of murder its helm is bestriding,
While the fiends of false friendship propel it along.

Lo, their feet press the strand which the billows are laving,
Nor heed they the night-bird that screams through the air,
And proclaims that ere long o'er a corse shall be waving
The high knotty pine, the thorn, and the briar.

The battle is closed, and all ghastly and bleeding,
The friend of his murderer hath sunk to the earth;
And the skiff from the beach is full quickly receding,
While the fate of true friendship's their subject of mirth.

Now the spirit of Cain on the steep is reclining,
While the dæmons of darkness dance light o'er the ground;
And the grim fiends of hell for the MURDERER are twining
The flowers of the nightshade his temples around.

* This place is opposite New York, on the Jersey shore, and has become notorious as the battle-ground of duelists.

DEATH OF JUSTICE,

AND

TRIUMPH OF WEALTH.

Scene, a Court-House—Time, noon.—Enter Ju

"HERE, MERCY, take my balance true,
"And hold it up on high;
"Unsheath my sword, and to thy view
"With WEALTH my weight I'll try."

"Come on, thou vaunting fool," she cried,
"Jump thou into the scale,
"And who ascends shall death abide,
"Nor MERCY's tears avail."

"'Tis done," said WEALTH, "and soon I'll prove
"Thy power is but a dream:"
'Twas true, indeed, for swift as thought
Miss JUSTICE kicked the beam.

WEALTH took the sword—no power on earth
The goddess' life could save,
And MERCY, sighing, turned aside
To weep on JUSTICE's grave.

STANZAS,

Commemorative of the loss of the United States' ship Wasp, supposed to have been sunk at sea, during the night, by an English frigate.

'TIS night! Columbia's foe is nigh,
And loud Columbia's thunders roar:
'Tis night! the war-torch flameth high,
And ocean's sounding surges pour:
But ere the light
Of morning bright,
Shall bid the sea-bird soar,
That bloody fight
Shall close in night—
Those foemen meet no more.

'Tis night! pale Cynthia's silver beams
Are pillowed on the mountain wave;
'Tis night! the sea-mew's piercing screams,
No longer wake the slumbering brave!
For O, they sleep
In caverns deep,
Where whirlwinds cease to rave,
Where fairies weep,
And vigils keep
Around their hallowed grave.

'Tis MORN! Columbia's sighs proclaim
That she hath heard the tale of wo;
'Tis MORN! but O, her wreaths of fame
Shall never twine her BLAKELEY's bro
Yet, o'er his urn,
Shall heroes mourn,
And as their tear-drops flow,
Their hearts shall burn,
And proudly spurn
The triumph of the foe.

STANZAS,

On releasing a BEE from the fangs of a s

FLY, little trembler! quickly fly—
The spider's fangs have pierced thee sor
But thou shalt find a balsam nigh
That will at once thy health restore.

Go, and enjoy life's little hour—
And short, indeed, life's hour to thee;
Go, drink the dews of every flower,
And taste the sweets of liberty.

And should'st thou see the faithful friend,
Who freed thee from the spider's clasp,
Lured by a wily, tempting fiend,
Into a catch-pole's iron grasp—

Then, on thy swiftest pinions flee,
Nor wait a moment to repose,
Till thou hast set his captive free,
By STINGING well the rascal's NOSE.

LIFE'S FOUR SEASONS.

THE spring of life is smiling INFANCY—
Its fervid summer, YOUTH, brimful of glee;
Its autumn, MANHOOD, weighed with wasting care;
Its frozen winter, AGE, which ends life's year.

STANZAS TO A COQUETTE.

"I'M OFF!"—as the FLY said to the MUSTARD-POT.

THERE was a something in thine eye
I cannot well express;
It was not love, for love can sigh,
Not triumph in distress.

It was not scorn, or else some cloud
Had darkened o'er thy brow;

It was not hate—for hatred's proud,
And will not deign to bow.

What then, ye lovers, could it be—
This presage of your fate,—
If 'twas not love—pomposity,
Nor open scorn, nor hate.

It was the momentary gleam
That plays on ocean's wave;
That kills the sea-boy with its beam,
And dances o'er his GRAVE.

BEAUTY.

LOOK on yon flower, whose lovely hue
Attracts the passing traveller's eye;
Behold it gemmed with radiant dew,
And trembling at a zephyr's sigh.

Mark how its fragrance scents the air,
And to its bosom woos the breeze;
Or, rather, courts the beauteous fair—
Too sure the beauteous fair to please.

Behold again—by some runde hand
'Tis severed from its parent stem;

Its leaves are withering on the sand,
Its stalk lies dead and sear by them.

Not one lone trace of verdure's seen,
To speak how fair its former fame;
Save, just to say such flower hath been,
One thorn is left to tell its name.

And like this flower, of lovely hue,
Is BEAUTY without WISDOM blest:
It courts the base seducer's view,
And dies upon his frozen breast.

O then be wise, ye beauties bright,
By erudition unrefined,
And to your OUTWARD charms unite
The beauties of a CULTURED MIND.

EPITAPH,

FOR THE TOMB OF KOSCIUSKO.

STRANGER, let sacred awe possess thy mind,
For here a veteran's relics are enshrined;
And should'st thou seek to know the hero's name—
How great his VIRTUE, HONOUR, VALOR, FAME,
Suffice to say—and let thy questions end—
Columbia's SAVIOUR was this great man's FRIEND.

"AULD BILLY," THE HERMIT.

There resides in Hanover, (N. H.) an ag Scotchman, who has led a life of celibacy, a lives in a retired situation, a short distan from the town. He is known by the appellati of "Auld Billy," or, "The Hermit." I remei ber to have visited him, and found him readi the Bible. He appeared to be truly pious.

I SAW thee, hermit, and did mark thy cell;
I saw thy locks white with the frost of years,
And the long hair that from thine eye-lids fell,
Proclaimed short tarry in this vale of tears.

Oft had I heard, that 'neath yon little hill
There dwelt, in lonely cot, an aged man,
Who lived on charity, and sipped the rill,
That gently murmuring near his dwelling ran.

I wondered much how thou could'st bear thy lot
With seeming firmness, and without a sigh:
To live in solitude—unknown—forgot,—
I deemed the lowest depth of misery.

'Twas sabbath eve when to thy hut I came;
The moon-beams slept upon the babbling rill,

And thy dim taper, with a feeble flame,
Could just be seen mid-way the flowery hill.

There was a bird upon the lonely tree
That spreads its broad arms o'er thy peaceful cell,
And it did chaut such plaintive melody,
No earthly muse its wild notes might excel.

I entered; all was silent as the grave—
And yet no tear upon thy cheek was seen,
Nor at thy fate didst thou with sorrow rave,
Or even wish that it had different been.

Thine eye was bright, and o'er thy furrowed cheek
One lingering tint of youthful beauty stole;
Thy looks were mild, compassionate and meek,
And resignation reigned throughout the whole.

I gazed—I saw the powerful, heavenly charm,
That taught thee to despise this grovelling world;
That would have freed thy spirit from alarm,
Had all around thee been in ruin hurled.

This charm was found in that eternal scroll
Which through the lapse of countles years has stood
A light to cheer the humble christian's soul,
And lead it to the bosom of its God.

No line was there but thy inquiring eye
Had traced, and tracing found its meaning true;

No word hadst thou unheedingly passed by—
Each syllable had met thy strict review.

Unlike the wretch, who strives to disbelieve
And blot the records inspiration wrote;
Who, all its plainest truths would silent leave,
And all its darkest to his purpose quote.

Thy soul had weighed the all-important text,
And weighing, found it merciful and just;
And though in earlier day it seemed perplext,
Inspired by heaven, in heaven thou now could'st trust.

I left thee speechless—save a half farewell,—
For on thy brow I marked a frown severe,
That seemed to say, in more than words might tell,
"'Tis holy eve, and thou unwelcome here."

Thanks to thee, hermit! much to thee I owe;
That frown to me this lesson left severe:
"Those lips from which heaven's praises seldom flow,
"Should not disturb the prayers of hearts sincere."

EPIGRAM.

id a rattle-brained student to a plain Irish cook,
"That dish, containing CALF's head, is unclean;"
ys Paddy, "Arrah, dear honey, withdraw your rebuke,
"*'Tis so* bright that in it your FACE may be seen."

SOLOMON AND QUEEN SHEBA.

The following well pointed story is taken by D'Israeli from the Talmud:

"The power of Solomon had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, visited this poetical king at his own court. There, one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the throne, holding in each hand a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. She held both wreaths at a distance for the inspection of the king, deeming it impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacity of Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride.—The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient pre-

sented itself to the king, and it must be confessed worthy of the natural philosopher."

For the expedient resorted to by the king, the reader is referred to the following stanzas on the subject.

TWO wreaths of flowers queen SHEBA brought,
Begemmed with morning dew;
One by the hand of art was wrought,
And one by nature grew.

The artful queen, with hope elate,
Beheld the Jewish court;
She saw its king in regal state,
As fame had made report.

And now toward the throne she drew
With rapture-speaking eye;
She held them where the king might view,
But not to them come nigh.

"I pr'ythee, noble prince, divine
"The difference in these flowers;
"One wreath thy servant's hand did 'twine—
"One grew within thy bowers."

The question caused a crimson glow—
Shame dwelt upon his cheek;
He knew no answer to bestow—
He would, but dared not speak.

The Jews beheld their monarch shamed—
They saw with deep regret
His wisdom by her wit defamed—
His sun of glory set.

Queen SHEBA thought she saw him bow,
Confessing woman's power;
Unable to unriddle now
The difference in a flower.

The Jewish courtiers saw their king
By woman's wisdom weighed;
Yea, vanquished in a trifling thing,
By art and cunning made.

It was not so:—the prince had read
The PHILOSOPHIC book:
Nature could not by art be led—
She ne'er her works mistook.

Now starting from his seeming trance
Behold the monarch rise;
Behold him to the door advance,
And mark the queen's surprise.

'Tis opened—view those tell-tale bees
Swift darting on the flowers!
It is enough;—upon her knees
Queen SHEBA owns his powers.

TO ELLA.

DOES Ella's fingers kiss the lyre
To win the wreaths of fame?
Or does her youthful heart aspire
To gain a poet's name?

If FAME she seeks, yon mouldering tomb,
Where genius' head lies low,
Will shew her where the flowerets bloom
That deck the minstrel's brow.

Does Ella ask a name alone,
For all the poet's woes—
Just scratched upon the dark gray stone
That marks his last repose?

Full soon shall TIME, with finger rude,
That stone's inscription blot;
Yea, Ella, seek where late it stood—
Thou canst not find the spot!

Yet, Ella, do not think the bard,
Who chants this simple lay,
Would hold from thee that just reward
The muses to thee pay:

Nor think that envy prompts the song,
Or malice aims the dart;

For, Ella, he would never wrong,
Or wound thy feeling heart.

He only writes to show the woes
That on the minstrel wait,
And truly to thy heart disclose
Unfriended genius' fate.

But yet, if Ella well can bear
The world's neglect and scorn,
Still, still may Ella sweep the lyre
From eve to early morn.

EVENING.

'TIS evening now—and O how kind
The zephyrs kiss the rose:
Now homeward plods the village hind,
Loud whistling as he goes.

How dear his home—for never there
May envy dare intrude,
Nor malice, hatred, black despair,
Or base ingratitude.

'Tis evening now—the maniac raves
Around her lover's tomb,

And heedless treads on greener graves,
Amid the church-yard gloom:

Her bosom heaves, her eye is wild,
And fast her tear-drops flow:
Have mercy Heaven! behold thy child,
And calm the sufferer's wo.

'Tis evening now—and all is still,
Save when the weary breeze,
Descending from the neghboring hill,
Steals through the forest-trees:

Save when yon mournful bird of eve
May warble through the dell,
As if for day-light, past, to grieve,
And chant the day's farewell.

And well I love the silent hour
When evening's shades prevail,
For evening owns a soothing power
That few but poet's feel.

Then, evening, stay—for ever stay,
And sooth the heart forlorn,
And I will hail thy lamp's mild ray
The SUN of POESY'S MORN.

STANZAS,

ON LEAVING A BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE.

ADIEU, dear spot of earth, adieu!
No more these eyes your charms shall view;
No more these feet shall dash the dew
From off those sweetly-scented flowers,
That bloom so beauteous and so fair
Through all your darkly shaded bowers,
And with such fragrance fills that air
Which I, perchance, no more may breathe: but yet,
Though absent long, I never can forget
Those hours of blest tranquillity,
That I have tasted 'neath yon tree,
And which I deemed had out-lived me:

But, as I saw its branches shoot,
And viewed its leaves both fresh and green,
A little worm gnawed at its root,
And quickly changed the pleasing scene.

Too soon I saw its trunk decay,
And all its beauty fade away:
Its withered leaves were wafted on the wind,
Nor one lone trace of verdure left behind.

which he carried a reviving liquor, for th
tressed, travellers whom he found amon
mountains, is still suspended from his nec

DEEP falls the snow on Bernard's height,
And Dronaz's bridge is hoar;
No cottage taper cheers the sight,
Nor convent's open door.

No human foot may dare to trace
Balsora's plains so white;
Not valor's self, with fearless face,
On Dronaz treads to night.

The convent-house is far away,
No friendly monk is nigh;
The pilgrim kneels him down to pray—
To pray, alas! and die.

For on St. Bernard's wintry brow
No sunbeams ever play;
Nor 'mid its wildering tracts of snow
Dare monk or friar stray.

And now amid the cheerless gloom
There roams a truant boy;
The tints of health his cheeks illume,
His eye is bright with joy.

Unconscious he of all the woes
A parent's bosom swell;
He hails Balsora's gathered snows,
And sighs to say, farewell.

But now that flush of joy has fled,
His eye no more is bright,
For lo, in vain he seeks the shed
He left at morning light.

The tears that flow from either eye
Are at their fountain froze;
'Till, chilled and numbed, he sinks to die,
Embosomed in the snows.

To die? ah no, for BARRY lives
The urchin's life to save;
His breath the dying boy revives,
And snatches from the grave.

Nor yet enough his form to grasp
From an untimely tomb,
His back he bids the wanderer clasp,
And bears him safely home.

And, BARRY, what was thy reward
For all this care and toil?
'Twas more than falls to every bard—
"The SUNSHINE OF A SMILE."

Yet, like the bard, when age drew near,
And shortened fast thy breath,
They gave thee dainties, rich and dear,
And hurried thee to death.

"ELLA" TO THE "BOSTON BARD."

WHY, minstrel, why o'er harp like thine
Does sorrow pour her pensive lays?
Or why with thee should she be seen
For ever twining mournful bays?

How may a heart so young as thine
Life's thousand ills already know?
Or why should grief so soon intrude,
And in such ready numbers flow?

May I not hope 'tis fabled wo,
(To which reflection brings relief,)
On which thy fancy loves to pore,
And revel in romantic grief?

Forbear! thy talent ne'er was given
To shroud in gloom thy better part;
And know, the rose, though dead, conceals
A thorn that pierces to the heart.

Corrupted by its poisonous touch
Dies the best feelings of the soul;
'Twill teach thee a distrust in heaven,
And wreck thee on a dangerous shoal.

But should thy heart be truly sad,
Thou shalt not always feel the pain,
For softening time will heal the wound,
And renovate sweet hope again.

Heaven did not form our souls for wo,
But gave fair joy, and hope, and faith,
To cheer us in our wayward path,
And light us through the vale of death.

Nor ends their blest commission here—
They but forsake the lifeless clay
To guard the disembodied soul
Safe to the realms of endless day.

Then, minstrel, let not thus in youth
A fancied, or a real wo,
Intrude too much upon thy peace,
Or in such mournful numbers flow.

Believe me, life hath many a flower,
Which friendship o'er thy path shall strew,
And thou shalt know a calm content,
Descending soft as Hermon's dew.

REPLY TO "ELLA."

"How may a heart, so young as thine,
"Life's thousand ills already know?"

THEN Ella deems it strange, indeed,
That youthful breasts should sorrow know;
That hearts so young should learn to bleed,
Or taste of aught but "fabled wo."

O, would to heaven, no wo but this
Had my torn bosom ever known;
Then had I fondly thought it bliss
To sigh, neglected—lost—and lone.

Then might "reflection bring relief,"
And "softening time" a balm bestow
For all my fancied, foolish grief,
And every wild, romantic wo.

But 'tis not self-created dreams
Of idle woes my bosom pain—
For then, indeed, Piera's streams
Had ere this washed them out again.

Suffice to say, 'twas but a WORD
That caused this youthful bosom's swell;
And 'twas what I must sigh to thee—
Thou knowest its name—farewell—farewell.

VERSIFICATION OF THE 29TH PSALM.

GIVE strength to GOD, ye haughty kings of earth;
Ye princes worship him who gave you birth.
He speaks! his word the liquid regions rends,
The waters hear, immediate rain descends:
His thunders dread, the oaks of Bashan tear,
Proud cedars toss in fragments through the air;
Deep from their roots the lifted hills divide,
And skip like lambs upon their grassy side.
Old Lebanon his firm-fixt seat forsakes—
Astonished Hermon to his basis shakes.
His nostrils swell! the livid lightnings fly,
The swift expressions of the Godhead nigh.
Own then JEHOVAH'S power, ye thoughtless youth,
Ye ATHEISTS fear, while clouds blush out the truth.
The wilderness, uncultured feels the rod,
Kadesh is made to recognize its GOD.
The secret impulse of his matchless power
Inspires the hinds with knowledge of their hour.
His voice, resistless, lays the forest bare—
In his bright temple all his praise declare.
Let men with angels join, his praises sing,
For ocean trembles, floods confess him king.
To him let heroes adoration yield,
For he's the conqueror's strength, the warrior's shield.

STANZAS,

ON HEARING A BIRD SING.

on, sweet bird, for nature bids thee sing;
ratitude inspires thy pleasing lay:
thy soft voice let ceaseless praises spring,
teful incense to the god of day.

innocence adorned, unlike to man,
may'st thou chant a hymn of solid joy;
may'st thou spend of life the narrow span,
rmless mirth, and bliss without alloy.

asting pain disturbs thy peaceful breast—
ht but thy tender young demands thy care;
ture ill can interrupt thy rest—
unknown to hope and black despair.

resent moment fills thy every power,
inks the past in kind oblivion's sea;
send thy notes through all the shady bower—
pour thy strains and animate each tree.

harming bird, thy song becomes thee well—
arol all of guiltless pleasures born;
ar thy soft enjoyments our's excel,
taught by mellow eve, and early morn.

Soon as the light streams through the eastern sky,
And banishes the glittering gems of night,
Thy rapture speaks the grateful blessing nigh,
And thou beginn'st thy praise with new delight.

VIRTUE.

AT justice's bar I saw her stand,
Dejected and distressed;
Her head reposed upon her hand,
Her arm upon her breast.

Th' accuser came, and falsehoods foul
Poured from the demon's tongue;
Stern justice wept, and mercy's soul
With fearful pangs was wrung.

But now her dark and piercing eye
She fearless raised to heaven:
'Twas like the flash that lights the sky,
And gilds the clouds of even.

It was enough—before its brilliance dread
The dark, insinuating monster fled.

PATHETIC STANZAS.

WHY, stranger, why that look of wo,
And whence that deep-drawn sigh?
Why does the stream of sorrow flow
To dim thine aged eye?

Say, dost thou mourn some faithful friend,
By death too soon bereft?
Or dost thou 'neath misfortune bend,
Without a comfort left?

Does poverty, that demon dread,
Thy brightest prospects blast?
Have all thy earthly pleasures fled—
Thy joys for ever past?

'Alas!" the stranger weeping cried,
"I mourn no kindred dear,
'For none of them of late have died—
"'Tis *shocking* healthy here!

'But list, and I'll the truth impart—
"'Tis this that clouds my life:
'A Quack—confound the villain's art—
"Has THREE times CURED my WIFE."

TO LOUISA.

LOUISA, thy heart is generous and humane,
Thy mind is chaste, thy soul is pure;
And as thou art, O mayest thou still remain,
From every wile and vice secure.

Dear girl, remember well, thy path through life,
At best, will be but dark and drear;
Thou much wilt hear of noise, confusion, strife,
And oft must wipe pale sorrow's tear.

Yes, oft the "unbidden tear" will dim thine eye—
Thy breast oft feel affliction's dart;
And oft the slanderer's venom'd arrows fly,
Dear girl, to wound thy generous heart.

Remember well, thy beauty is no shield
From the unerring shaft of death;
Nor will thy virtue e'en protection yield
When summoned to resign thy breath.

O then, religion with thy beauty blend,
Ere yet the dreadful sentence's given;
So shalt thou find in death a faithful friend,
Whose smiles shall welcome thee to heaven.

STANZAS,

To the author of some illiberal "Observatic
ried life," published in the Boston Ma

SAY, who art thou, with lips profane,
And heart more cold than Zembla's sn
Who dares thus publicly proclaim
That marriage is the worst of woes?

What writhing serpent 'twined thy pe
And fed its point with bitterest gall?
What demon from his wildering den
E'er bade thee marriage slavery call?

Poor foolish man!—if man thou art—
Rail on, and vent thy native spite;
Eject thy venom—ease thy heart,
For woman bids thee now "good nigh

Go, man of ice, go seek a cell
With thorns and thistles rude o'ergro
There 'mid its gloom for ever dwell,
And press thy flinty couch alone.

Go—and when pain shall rack thy bon
When misery bids thy bosom swell,
Let furies answer to thy groans,
And mock thee with their frightful ye

May never woman's angel voice
E'er sooth to peace thy tortured soul;
May never female smile rejoice
Or aught of all thy woes control.

But may'st thou sink in sullen gloom,
The scorn and jest of all the fair,
Without a child to mourn thy doom,
Or wife to bless thee in her prayer.

EPIGRAMS.

A GREAT complaint has late been made
'Gainst those who in romances trade,
Because there are within them seen
Such spectres dire, of frightful mien,
That LADIES have so timorous grown,
They're e'en afraid to sleep—ALONE.

As a student returned to his lodgings one night,
Having half starved his reason and drowned his soul,
The door being locked, and dim being his sight,
After seeking in vain to place the key right,
Exclaimed—"D—n the rogues, hic, they've stolen my
key-HOLE!"

TO STATIRA,

In reply to some stanzas, published in the "Bost
ening Gazette," beginning,

" O innocence, conscious of thee possessed,

LADY, I know that thou with "innocence" art ble
Then why let "falsehood" rob thee of repose ?
O, lady, check those sighs which rend thy breast,
For one, who "smiling," "triumphs" in thy wc

Spend not thy time in unavailing sighs
For one who never breathed a sigh for you ;
But dry the tears that glisten in thine eyes,
Nor say, it was a "friend" that made them flow.

For, lady, he could never be thy "friend,"
Who'd fain with "falsehood" blast thy rising fan
No—rather some malicious, envious fiend,
Whose breast ne'er glowed with friendship's
flame.

Say not, 'tis loss of friendship makes thee mourn,
For know, true friendship never can deceive :
Is he a "friend" who'd pierce thee with a thorn ?
No, lady, no—then cease for him to grieve.

STANZAS,

On seeing a lonely PINE, growing on a high hill, near the sea shore.

THOU lonely tree, how many storms have waged
With thy broad arms the battle-strife in vain!
What numerous blasts has thy huge trunk engaged,
Through autumn's frost, and winter's chilling rain:
How often hast thou braved the pelting hail,
Through bleak November's cold and dreary reign!
How oft hast thou, unmoved by northern gale,
Or by the whirlwind, sweeping o'er the main,
Stood firm, above the mighty ruins of the plain.

Thou lonely tree, thy proud, majestic throne,
Hath never trembled, but with nature's too;
Thou stand'st undaunted, fearless, and alone,
High king of all that ever round thee grew:
Thy roots, engrafted deep in fertile earth,
Protect, and with thy age thy strength renew;
And, grateful to the soil that gave thee birth,
Thou giv'st its flowers—thy gratitude to show—
What heaven gives thee,—the evening rain, and morning dew.

, thou towering monarch of the hill,
rose in latter time a sturdy oak,
)t the wasting canker-worm could kill,
not the storms of faction ever shook:
were watered with the pilgrim's tears,
erst the savage's yell his slumbers broke;
K was strengthened by the hand of years,
when the ivy dared its tendrils choke,
of freedom frowned!—it withered at his look.

owering oak, COLUMBIA brave was thou;
iortal WASHINGTON,—O honored name!
rtal WASHINGTON, 'twas thou didst free,
d long defend it with thy sword of flame:
s thou didst blight the choking ivy round,
d with prophetic voice pronounce its fame:
saw'st it with the wreaths of glory crowned—
ou saw'st it towering o'er the tyrant's shame!
never may a tyrant's hand its weakest tendril main

mighty Oak, beneath thy peaceful shade
e war-worn veteran finds a sweet repose;
soldier here his useless sword hath laid—
musket rusting 'neath the full-blown rose:
weary exile of the distant land
ids in thy arms a refuge from his foes;
fts the cup of joy with fearless hand,
d as he drinks, forgetting all his woes,
rateful soul with love to thee, MY COUNTRY, g

THE WORD FAREWELL.

THERE is a word, one word alone,
(And on my ear it stole,)
Whose sound can turn the heart to stone,
And paralyse the soul:

Yea, it can chill the warmest stream
That glides through youthful veins;
Can render life a wakeless dream,
And bind the tongue in chains.

Its startling name thou couldst not hear
Uundaunted at the sound;
Thy youthful heart would sink with fear,
Thy knees would kiss the ground.

Then ask me not, sweet, charming maid,
Its fearful name to tell,
For O, it is the echo, dread,
Of severed FRIENDSHIP'S knell.

The "Theological Magazine," speaking
murder of Mr. PERCIVAL, by BELLINGHAM,
that, Mrs. PERCIVAL, after her husband ha
brought home, knelt down by his corps
prayed most fervently for the future wel
his murderer.

SHE kneels—she prays! O hear her gracious hes
And grant, O grant her humble prayer;
She asks a murderer's foulest crimes forgiven,—
She bids the wretch thy justice spare.

A murderer?—yes, a hateful murderer too,
That pierced her faithful consort's heart!
That dared his hands in guiltless blood imbrue,
Hurling, unseen, destruction's dart.

Look down, O GOD! from realms of endless day
She kneels beside her husband's corse,
And, praying, fain would turn thy wrath away,
And touch the criminal with remorse.

O wretched BELLINGHAM! despair thou not:
If angel's prayers avail in heaven,
Thy guilt is now by all but man forgot—
Thy pardon sealed, thy sins forgiven.

God of the righteous! may my thoughtless heart
The truths of righteousness believe;
And let thy mercy to my breast impart,
Like her's, a spirit to forgive.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

THINK'ST thou to shroud the minstrel's fame
Within a prison's gloom?
Think'st thou that here will die his name—
This prove his spirit's tomb?

Can'st thou destroy yon orb of light,
Or shroud one glorious ray?
The sun of genius shines as bright
To an eternal day.

The fire that warms the poet's breast—
The beam that lights his eye,
Shines brighter when the mind's oppress—
Its light can never die.

'Twill gild his dark and humid cell,
Burst through the clouds of wo;
Destroy oppression's powerful spell—
With purer radiance glow.

There is no siren charm can bind
The soul of genius strong;
There are no fetters for his mind—
No chains to that belong.

The minstrel's spirit soars on high,
Above the clouds of care;
It fears no ill—it cannot die—
It never knew despair.

Spurning its filthy robe of clay,
It bursts its prison-gloom;
And winging swift to heaven its way,
It leaves behind a radiant ray
To gild its earthly tomb.

THE WARRIOR'S BURIAL.

I SAW the mighty chieftain fall,
With purple laurels crowned;
A thousand warriors bore his pall—
A thousand lamps shone round.

In sable weeds his steed was decked,
And every follower wore
A badge of honor and respect,
For him who was no more.

A thousand virgins strewed his grave
With flowers of lasting bloom;
A thousand cups of incense lave
The victor's bloody tomb.

And now the warriors o'er his corse
Their glittering muskets fire;
While slow and sad the trampling horse
And muffled drum retire.

These were the funeral rites of one
Whose sword had drunk the blood
Of brother, sister, sire and son,
That in his path had stood.

These were the wreaths that decked the brow
Of vile ambition's slave;
These were the pompous marks of wo
That graced a murderer's grave.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BURIAL.

I SAW the humble, heavenly soul
In rags expiring lay;
And yet for him no bell did toll,
And none did honor pay.

No solemn music struck the ear,
And held the listener's breath;
And few were those that dropped the
For virtue, lost in death.

But, like a peaceful evening cloud,
Urged onward by the breeze,
The good man silent left the crowd,
And sought the world of peace: -

And as his feet the portals trod,
A chant did thus begin:
"For ever welcome, CHILD OF GOD!
"For ever welcome in."

THE TOMB.

AS joys the peasant's heart to view
His fields refreshed with rain and dew,
So joys my soul this truth to know,
That in the tomb, where all must lie,
I shall forget each pain and wo,
Nor dream e'er more of misery.

Yes, there my weary head shall rest;
My eyes shall be with sleep refreshed—

For death shall draw that rankling thorn
Which long and deep hath pierced my heart,
And to my breast, with anguish torn,
A sweet, oblivious balm impart.

NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS.

HAIL, first-born offspring of the year!
O be thou mild whilst thou art here—
  Thy stay will not be long;
Be gentle then, and smooth thy brow—
We'll dimple thy pale cheek of snow
  With harmless mirth and song.

To give thee pleasure in thy prime,
We'll seize the forelock of old TIME,
  And fix him to the spot;
Lest he, ambitious of his powers,
Lash his obedient, servile hours,
  And death to thee allot.

Come, January, let us chat,
Concerning this, concerning that,
  And all our cares beguile;

Come, let us live like loving brothers,
Laugh at ourselves, as well as others,
And force th' alternate smile.

Come, heedless then of thy stern sire,
Sit here and warm thee by our fire—
Thou'lt pass more nimbly hence;
Your haste through all this frost and snow
Is but a farce, and well I know
Your business mere pretence.

Pray see yon miser scratch his head,
His face of skin, his eye of lead—
See envy tear his flesh:
Poor fool, without thy greedy care,
Time will devest thee of thy hair,
And thy thin body thresh.

Wouldest thou enjoy a happy year,
Nor meet with scorn nor jest, nor jeer,
Take thou but this advice:
To help the poor, loose golden budget,
Quick, "CITO PEDE TEMPUS FUGIT"—
You're blessed in a trice.

Look kindly on the face of grief,
And by relieving get relief—
Make mammon thy true friend;
The BIBLE says—I hope you've read it—
That all your alms will find good credit
In heaven, when earth shall end.

But stay, my friend, say, if you can,
What yonder meanly mimics man—
This riddle pray disclose;
No matter now—it is, I ween,
A FOP, as truly smelt as seen—
I must believe my NOSE.

Ye, unaccustomed to the yoke
Of HYMEN, will ye bear a joke,
Nor scold, nor rave, nor fret?
What though the clock has struck eleven,
Though thirty-five, or forty-seven,
You may be married yet.

Meantime you surely need not fuss,
But call the kitten, play with puss,
And watch AUSPICIOUS signs:
A single life has many sweets,
You sip your tea, and range the streets—
At home no SPOUSE confines.

I think I see a beauteous lass
Adjusting patches by her glass,
To heighten every charm:
At men of sense she aims in vain,
And gives herself a deal of pain,
To live, and do—NO HARM.

Poor Mary, thou art very simple—
Since "every patch implies a pimple,"
You give our fancies scope;

And fancy, mischief's fruitful nurse,
That real truth makes such things worse;
You understand, I hope.

Cease then thy toil, and be thy face
Love's "mercy-seat, and throne of grace,"
With dignity inspired;
Our souls though volatile, will feel
Fixed by thy own hermetic seal,
And every heart be fired.

Thy bosom, let it rise or fall,
As joys invite, or miseries call—
"Thermometer of Love:"
Thus who obtains the greatest share
Of thy sweet smiles, thy tender care,
A rapturous year shall prove.

Your rustic bard his lay thus pours,
And drops at all your friendly doors
His kind, his warmest greeting,
Wishing you all, in all your spheres,
A multitude of happy years,
On earth—in heaven a meeting.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

OH, thou best friend of all below,
Deign, deign to hear my prayer;
And, as I at thy footstool bow,
Do thou in mercy spare
The wretch, who now a blessing craves,
Not for himself, but those
Whose hands have oft his wants relieved
And soothed his many woes.

Oh, with a gracious smile bestow
On them thy chiefest good;
And never may their bosoms know,
Or feel, ingratitude:
Be thou their guide, their heavenly friend,
With them thy vows renew;
And let thy blessings soft descend
As Hermon's holy dew.

And when the "silver cord" is loosed,
And broke life's brittle thread;
When earthly pleasures please no more,
And every comfort's dead;
Then, Heavenly Father, grant this prayer,
(For them and for myself,)
O waft them from this world of care,
And "take them to THYSELF."

DARING ENTERPRISE.

THE following poem is commemorativ
the escape of midshipman KING, of the Ur
States' Navy, from the Guard Ship RUB
Bermuda; who, during a dark and temp
ous night, seized an open boat, belonging tc
ship, and in her embarked for his native c
try; where, by the protecting hand of Pr
dence, after suffering the most severe and
tressing hardships, he arrived in safety, on
2d of August, 1813.

NO moon that night, with silvery light,
In heaven's blue vault was seen;
No guiding star, with radiance bright,
Pierced the dark clouds between;
But all was cheerless—dark—and lone,
As it had been such fearful hour,
That nature, trembling on her throne,
Sought refuge from Jehovah's power.

'Twas such a moment—dread as this,
When blest Columbia's daring son,
Upon the stormy, dark abyss,
All friendless, fearless, and alone,

Burst from oppression's galling chain,
(Oh, never may it bind him more)
And dauntless braved the raging main,
To hail again his native shore.

Beloved KING, the minstrel's eye can view
Thy little skiff on ocean tost;
And, as it trembling mounts the billows blue
Or, sinking, seems for ever lost;
Dost mark thee fearless at the helm,
Though oft the towering waves o'erwhelm,
And in a moment threaten to destroy
Thy dearest dreams of liberty and joy.
Yea, he can view thy steady eye
Firm-fixed on heaven—on heaven alone
Thy soul's best, lasting hopes were placed,
And though thy prayers to friendship's ear were lost,
Yea, from thine own weak memory erased,
Still did they rise before HIS throne,
Who ever listens to the sufferer's cry,
Nor, heedless, views the humble sparrow die.

'Twas HE, undaunted traveller of the wave,
Who stretched, unseen, his mighty arm to save,
And taught thee skill thy tottering barque to guide
Safe o'er that waste, where all but thou beside
Had rather groaned, in slavery's fetters bound,
Than risked the dangers that beset it round.

First then, to heaven thy earliest thanks be paid;
And next thy country claims thy needful aid;
For, generous KING, Columbia views in thee
Another guardian of her liberty;
Another chief——another OCEAN gem,
Some future day to deck her diadem;
And for whose brows as fair a wreath shall bloom,
As Freedom twined on gallant PREBLE's tomb.

TO ELLA.

"Let me live in the hearts of the good."

OH, thou shalt live in every heart
That e'er the muse inspires;
For thy sweet strains can joy impart
To love, when hope expires.

Yea, thou shalt live, and live in peace,
Respected and revered;
And be to all, as years increase,
More richly still endeared.

The good will bless thee, and the wise
Will hail thy rising fame;
And envy's self, with jaundiced eyes,
Shall echo ELLA's name.

And may thy bosom never know
The numerous ills that wait
On him who bids these numbers flow,
And sighs when hope's too late.

But may thy path through life be strewed
With flowers from Eden sent,
And be the bosom of the good
Thy lasting MONUMENT.

STANZAS,

Occasioned by a request to write on the miseries attendant on men of genius.

OH, sip thou not of yonder fount
That now so calmly flows,
Nor rashly climb Parnassus' mount
To grasp yon tempting rose

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For 'neath that fount doth ENVY hiss,
And MALICE, foul, intrude—
And round its sparkling wave of bliss
There lurks a monster, rude,
Who fain would stab thee with a kiss,
And call it GRATITUDE.

Oh, touch not yonder blushing wreath,
Of flowers Elysian wove,
Although their fragrant sweets they breathe
Through Eden's happiest grove;
Alas! beneath those flowerets, fair,
Full many a thorn is seen,
And HATE, DEJECTION, wild DESPAIR,
And WANT, of haggard mien;
While PENURY, and CARKING CARE,
For ever intervene.

Oh, seek not GENIUS' lonely cell,
Nor view his couch of pain;
For, oh, that couch such truths might tell
Thou wouldest not hear again;
That languid eye a tongue could find,
Such truths before thee set,
That, once impressed upon thy mind,
Thou never shouldest forget,
Till, in death's icy arms reclined,
Thy grave the night dews wet.

And dost thou ask, what truths are these,
What tales of dreadful note?
What pangs the soul of genius seize,
And burst the life-stream out?
Go, stranger, go—whate'er thy name,
Or fortune's friend, or slave,
Go, tear from hence yon wreath of fame
That blooms on genius' grave.

Go, and the blooming chaplet tear—
A ready answer's written there.

STANZAS,

TO AN EMPTY GOBLET.

COME, thou whose brim once sparkled bright,
With blooming Bacchus' rosy wine;
Come, let me shroud thee from the light,
And as I hurl thee from my sight,
Around thy brim the cypress 'twine.

Time was when I esteemed thee dear,
And pressed thee to my glowing lip;

When thou couldest calm my every fear,
Could check each sigh, dispel each tear,
What time thy nectar I might sip.

What art thou now?—of what avail
To know thou'st been a faithful friend,
When, 'neath misfortune's chilling gale,
My weary strength began to fail,
And all my fondest hopes to end.

For now thou art an empty show,
Thy value merely naught to me;
Thou canst not make my bosom glow,
Thou canst not smooth affliction's brow,
Or wake the harp to minstrelsy.

Then, fare thee well, thou useless guest;
Though once I deemed thy worth divine,
Thou now hast lost thy every zest,
And I must spurn thee from my breast,
And round thy brim the cypress 'twine.

THE SLANDERER'S GRAVE.

LO, here, where loathsome toads on poison feed,
Where reptiles with corruption dwell,
And where, uncultured, thrives each deadly weed,
Here sleeps the SLANDERER, child of hell.

No tears of friendship fall upon the grave
That screens from human view his dust;
For there e'en maddening furies wildly rave,
And loud pronounce his name accurst.

Yes, o'er his briar-grown grave the hooting owl
Oft rends the air with frightful scream,
And warns mankind that here fell monsters prowl—
That here hell's lurid lightnings gleam.

Here may the wolf and tiger find a home,
And panthers to a covert fly;
For here no HUMAN foot is seen to roam,
And MERCY passes heedless by.

For him no bard shall swell the song of praise,
Or wake his harp to minstrelsy;
But, o'er his grave, shall fiends the gray stone raise,
And this his epitaph shall be:

Lo, here, where loathsome toads on poison feed,
Where reptiles with corruption dwell,
And where, uncultured, thrives each deadly wee
Here sleeps the SLANDERER, child of hell.

FANCY.

TO him who views the goddess as she flies
Swift as the light through ether's vast extent,
To him naught can remain but strong surprise,
To see her on such lengthened journeys bent.

Beyond the regions of the nether sky,
Up to the empyrean fields she soars in haste,
Calls stars her neighbors as she passes by,
And bounds with rapture through the trackless w

Then, quick as thought she leaves the high abod
Nor downward takes the path she upward trod,
But proudly aims to find a different road,
And by another course reviews our clod.

'ain of her flights, she scorns on earth to dwell,
.nd wafted on the wings of fierce desire,
'hese realms too cold, she quits and visits hell,
.nd willingly endures the tedious fire.

'hrough earth, and seas, and skies, she wings her way,
rom hell to heaven she in a moment bounds,
[or will at either deign a moment's stay,
ut follows discontent's eternal rounds.

TO MISS ——

DEAR is the breeze of summer even,
Dear to the poor the hope of heaven;
Dear is the tear in woman's eye,
And dear the sigh of sympathy;
Dear to the poet is the hour
Of sacred peace, in lonely bower;
Dear to the wanderer's weary eye
The glimmering light of cottage nigh,
And dear to him who ploughs the main
The hope to see his home again;
But dearer to my heart than these

Is yon abode of health and ease,
Where NANCY, loveliest of the fair,
With dimpled cheek, and auburn hair,
Resides: with her I'd gladly dwell
In desert drear, or gloomy cell,
And think myself as richly blest
As if of India's wealth possessed.
For her I'd tempt the raging deep,
Or climb the mountain's rugged steep;
Nor should a single murmur rise,
Though doomed, beneath the wintry skies,
O'er forests drear and dark to roam,
Without a shelter, friend, or home.

TIME.

GRAY-HEADED thief! beneath thy feet
What numerous spoils appear!
There bleach the locks of maiden, sweet,
There rusts the conqueror's spear.

Beneath thy foot the chieftain's crown
Thou tramplest in the dust;
His glittering lance, beneath thy frown,
Becomes a mass of rust.

The rose that blooms on beauty's cheek,
Unseen, thou stealest away;
Unheard—for who hath heard thee speak?
Thou bidst it turn to clay.

At thy rebuke, the cloud-capped tower
Convulsive sinks to earth;
And FAME, that late defied thy power,
Becomes thy guilty mirth.

E'en now thy sacrilegious hand
Encircles yonder dome;
It falls, though 'gainst the stern command
Of all the kings of Rome.

And tell me, oh, thou robber dread,
What thou hast not yet stole;
I see thee shake thy hairless head,
And cry—"MINE IS THE WHOLE!"

Nay, that is false;—a something still
Eludes thy pilfering power;
A something thou canst never steal,
Though earth should be no more.

Yes, hoary thief! though all beside
Unto thy grasp is given;
Thou canst not steal—how sinks thy pride
The CHRISTIANS'S CROWN IN HEAVEN.

THE ESCAPE.

This poem is founded on the following "An Irish seaman, impressed on board a glish national ship, made his escape in the while lying off New York, by jumping in sea, and swimming to land. The nigh dark and tempestuous, and at one time h on the verge of despair; but the thoughts erty and peace, at once cheered his si heart, and nerved his wearied arm, to th complishment of his arduous struggle."

THE sun has set on FREEDOM's shore,
And cloud-wove shadows veil the moon
The foam-wreathed billows fearful roar,
For 'tis of night the awful noon.

But ah, what veil on earth may shroud
The FREE, the INDEPENDENT SOUL?
Not ocean-surges, murmuring loud,
Or midnight tempests when they howl.

'Wake, FREEDOM, wake! lo, 'mid the foam,
Imploring aid, appears thy child;

For thee he seeks—for thy blest home
He braves the flood and whirlwind, wild.

Oh, stretch thine arm! he sinks, he dies!
"Nay, nay, he cannot—SHALL NOT die;
"For lo, I bid his spirit rise,
"And nerve his arm for LIBERTY."

Brave son of ERIN, calm thy fears,
For thou art safe on freedom's shore;
Brave son of ERIN, dry thy tears,
No tyrant dares distress thee more.

Here mayest thou range our valleys free,
Or climb the mountain's dizzy steep;
Here tune thy harp to minstrelsy,
Or for thy hapless country weep.

Yes, hero brave, here shalt thou find
A genial soil, to misery dear;
A soil that never yet enshrined
A tyrant's corse, or captive's tear.

Then, son of ERIN's hapless isle,
Forbid thy feet e'er more to roam;
Lo, freedom hails thee with a smile,
And bids thee welcome, welcome home.

CHARITY.

The following stanzas have a local application, and are intended as a humble tribute of gratitude to the disinterested benevolence of three charitable ladies of Boston.

KNOW ye that heavenly form so fair,
With looks of love, and tearful eye?
Soft are her steps as angels' are,
And her dear name is CHARITY.

Lo, late I saw her, robed in white,
With hasty step, and throbbing breast,
Urging along the heath her flight,
To succour suffering worth oppressed.

She entered! 'twas a heavenly scene!
Pale and affrighted MISERY fled,
And POVERTY, of haggard mien,
Distracted, sought a "humbler shed."

And thou, DESPAIR, of frenzied eye,
Ah, how didst thou her presence shun?
E'en as the mists of morning fly
Before midsummer's noon-day sun.

Spirit of gratitude, descend!
And tune, O tune my half-strung lyre,
Till all its strains to heaven ascend,
And catch from thence etherial fire.

Till then, ye chosen, feeling few,
Forgive the rude, unfinished lay;
Take for the will the deed—adieu!
I would—but more I cannot say.

THE PRINTER'S "HOUR OF PEACE."

A PARODY.

KNOW ye the PRINTER'S hour of peace?
Know ye an hour more fraught with joy
Than ever felt the maid of Greece,
When kissed by Venus' amorous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy CASE
His nimble fingers kiss the types;
Nor is it when, with lengthened face,
The sturdy DEVIL'S TAIL he gripes.

'Tis not when news, of dreadful note,
His columns all with MINION fill;
'Tis not when brother printers quote
Th' effusions of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when all his work is done,
His glimmering fire he hovers near,
And, heedless of the coming DUN,
Grows merry o'er a pint of beer.

'Tis not when in Miss FANCY'S glass
Long advertisements meet his eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass,
"We'll grace your columns by and by."

Nor is it when with numerous NAMES
His lengthened roll of vellum swells,
As if 'twere touched by conjuror's wand,
Or grew by fairies' magic spells.

No, reader, no—the Printer's hour,
His hour of real sweet repose,
Is not when by some magic power
His list of patrons daily grows.

But ah, 'tis when stern winter, drear,
Comes robed in snow, and rain, and vapour,
He hears, in whispers kind and dear,
"We've come to PAY you for the—PAPER.

EXTEMPORE,

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY BLUSH WHEN KISSED.

WHY, Mary, does that crimson blush
O'erspread thy beauteous face?
Why should the rose so quickly rush
To fill the lily's place.

What can there be in friendship's kiss
So foul, yet seeming fair,
That it should cause so sweet a Miss
The face of guilt to wear?

There's nothing sure—for I have read
In sacred writ, most clear,
That e'en old Jacob ran with speed
To kiss his Rachel dear.

And, Mary, should it prove a sin,
Of e'er so dark a hue,
I'd fain commit it o'er again,
To kiss a nymph like you.

THE WREATH.

ANGELIC nymph, my muse awakes
To sing such heavenly charms as thine;
And, joyful, from her slumber breaks
To weave for thee a wreath divine.

Yes, on thy head a wreath I'll place,
Of flowerets fair, and chastely wove—
Flowers such as angels' temples grace,
Of odours sweet, and pure as love.

A blooming ROSE shall grace the wreath,
To represent those cheeks of thine;
The VIOLET too its sweets shall breathe—
Like thee in modest lustre shine.

Then various flowers shall intervene,
Each smaller aperture to close,
And last, a sprig of EVERGREEN
Shall gently 'twine around the ROSE;

To tell thy sex, though beauty fade,
And wither in the silent tomb,
Yet, when in virtue's mantle 'rayed,
Like EVERGREEN, shall EVER bloom.

TO A VIOLET.

I LOVE thee, humble, modest flower,
That bloomest so sweet in lonely bower,
And shedest thy fragrance in the grove,
Sacred to peace, and virtuous love.

I love thee more than yonder rose,
Though choicer sweets its leaves disclose;
For ah, rude thorns the rose invest,
Which deeper pierce the more they're pressed;
And oft, full oft, 'tis thrown aside,
Or trampled 'neath the foot of pride:
But thou—so humble and so poor,
Art from the rose's fate secure;
Thou dwellest alone—from insult free,
Thy safety thy HUMILITY.

LOUISA, let the violet be
An emblem of thyself and me;
Unlike the rose, let's dwell alone,
To an unfeeling world unknown.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

A young man who had often rode the mou tain wave, and braved the "pelting of the pi less storm," was treated with the basest ingr titude by a person in whose honor he plac the greatest confidence, and in whose hands had deposited a considerable sum of money, t reward of many toilsome days and sleeple nights at sea. This wretch decamped with t whole; which so much affected the young ma that he determined to drown his sorrows in t bowl, and remember his poverty no more. I accordingly bought a quantity of wine; pour out a cup and drank it—another—raised it his lips, and—paused. Here the hitherto sile monitor within, awoke, and informed him th he had an aged father, and a most affectiona wife dependent on him for support. He das ed the cup, and fled from the yawning ja of swift destruction.

OH, give me wine! my heart is sore—
Ingratitude hath pierced it deep;
Give me the cup—I'll drink once more—
Yes, drink till I forget to weep.

Then come, oblivious nectar come
And hail, thou sweetly poisonous cup;
For though thy brim with nightshade bloom,
I'll drink thy sparkling poison up.

Yes, though the adder lurk below,
And mix with death this rosy wine,
Yet will I drink till it shall flow
Through every vein and pore of mine.

For on a dizzy, dangerous steep,
My aching head I'd sooner rest,
Without a friend to guard my sleep,
Than seek repose on human breast.

Less treacherous is the panther's wile—
Less to be feared the tiger's grin,
Than faithless friendship's wintry smile,
That kills the nobler part within.

Then come, oblivious nectar, come!
I'll taste again the deadly cup,
And though its brim with nightshade bloom,
I'll drink its sparkling poison up."

He paused—for memory brought to view
The bleeding bosom of his sire;
Yes, brought to mind the fond adieu
Of her who waked his slumbering lyre.

Oh, conscience, then 'twas thine to save
The noblest youth—the manliest form,
That ever rode the dark blue wave,
Or braved the fury of the storm.

For quickly from his lips he spurned
The life and peace-destroying bowl—
And back to health and life returned,
Ere it had numbed his generous soul.

SUN-RISE AT SEA.

I SAW thee rise, bright lamp of heaven!
I saw thee rise from ocean's breast;
The sight was fair—for calm as even
The weary waves had sunk to rest.

Spirit of light! I saw thee climb,
With lustre pure, the dark-wove clouds,
Till thou hadst reached that height sublime
Where DEITY himself enshrouds.

And thus, I thought, the CHRISTIAN'S soul
Should rise, refulgent orb, like thee,

Till it hath reached its heavenly goal,
Secure above life's troubled sea:
Oh, then in vain the waves might roll,
To hide its native majesty.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT SEA, BY MOON-LIGHT.

WHAT time pale Cynthia's silver beams
On ocean's buoyant bosom play,
Then do I love, in pleasing dreams,
To pass the silent hours away.

'Tis then fond memory brings to view
Past scenes of pleasure and repose;
Scenes that have fled like morning dew,
That glitters on midsummer's rose.

'Tis then my wondering soul adores
The hand that formed yon vast serene;
'Tis then my grateful heart outpours
Its tribute to the "GREAT UNSEEN."

THE COTTAGE.

OH, blest is he, in lonely cot,
Whose feet ne'er learnt to roam
Beyond the small and peaceful spot,
That bounds his humble home,

No anxious care his peace invades,
No sorrow rends his breast—
But, happy 'neath his native shades,
Believes—and therefore's blest.

To heaven, at eve, his heart bestows
The grateful tribute due,
Then seeks, and finds that sweet repose
Which luxury never knew.

And when the icy touch of death,
That chills life's purple stream,
Bids him resign his fleeting breath,
And proves that "life's a dream,"—

Not softer fans the gentle breeze
Old ocean's buoyant breast—
Not softer glide midsummer seas,
Than sinks his soul to rest.

THE PENITENT.

A young lady of a good education, amiable manners, and pleasing deportment, was seduced from the path of virtue and innocence by the promise of immediate marriage from her perfidious lover. She bore her fate for a length of time with fortitude, and even resignation; but becoming neglected by her relatives, and left dependent on the charity of an unfeeling world for the daily necessaries of life, she abandoned herself to despair, and determined to end her miserable existence by POISON.—As she stretched forth her trembling hand to grasp the cup containing the liquid death, her eye, by accident, glanced on a BIBLE, which lay open on a table before her: the holy book had been opened by her child, which she then held to her bosom asleep. This sentence attracted her attention: "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy sins are forgiven thee."—Hope revived in her breast, and the angel of mercy stayed the arm of death.

"SLEEP on, my babe, thy sleep is calm,
Though pillowed on pollution's breast,

Sleep on, and sip that bosom-balm
Which lulls thy little woes to rest.

But ah, my babe, thou dost not hear
The howling storm or rattling hail;
Thou dost not know a mother's fear,
No pangs like hers thy breast assail.

Then sleep thee on—nor wake again
Till she who holds thee sleeps in death
Yes, sleep thee on thy bed of sin
Till heaven demands my guilty breath.

I cannot weep, though tears would blot,
For ever blot my guilt from heaven;
I cannot pray—oh, heavy lot!
Though angels whisper sins forgiven.

Then, hail, thou rosy poison, hail!
For thou canst calm this bosom's swell;
Once drank, the world will cease to rail
Oh, then my babe—farewell, farewell!"

She paused—for lo, before her eye
The book of heaven full open lay,
Which her sweet babe—it knew not wh
Had left unclosed in frolic play.

She read—and while her heart was wrung,
Yet scarcely dared to think of heaven,
A voice pronounced—'twas MERCY'S tongue,
"BE OF GOOD FAITH—THOU ART FORGIVEN."

Her babe awoke—a cheerful smile
O'er all its lovely features played;
She dashed the cup—sweet peace returned,
And death's uplifted arm was stayed.

INTEMPERANCE.

"AT THE LAST, IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT, AND STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER."

OH, take the maddening bowl away;
Remove the poisonous cup!
My soul is sick—its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up:
Take—take it from my loathing lip,
Ere madness fires my brain;
Take—take it hence, nor let me sip
Its liquid death again.

Oh, dash it on the thirsty earth,
For I will drink no more;

It cannot cheer the heart with mirth
That grief hath wounded sore;
For serpents wreath its sparkling brim
And adders lurk below;
It hath no soothing charm for him
Who sinks oppressed with wo.

Say not, "Behold its ruddy hue,
"Oh, press it to thy lips!"
For 'tis more deadly than the dew
That from the Upas drips;
It is more poisonous than the stream
Which deadly nightshade laves;
Its joys are transient as the beam
That lights its ruddy waves.

Say not, "It hath a powerful spell
"To sooth the soul of care;"
Say not, "It calms the bosom's swell,
"And drives away despair!"
Art thou its votary? ask thy soul—
Thy soul in misery deep—
Yea, ask thy CONSCIENCE, if the bowl
Can give ETERNAL SLEEP!

Then, hence! away, thou deadly foe—
I scorn thy base control:
Away, away!—I fear thy blow,
Thou PALSY OF THE SOUL!

Henceforth, I drink no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race,
But to a heavenly fountain flee,
And drink the DEWS OF GRACE.

SPRING.

IN IMITATION OF SOUTHEY.

HOW beautiful is SPRING! how pure
The balmy breath of MAY!
The herds now graze upon the hills,
Or 'neath the beech-tree sleep:
The world is still! the forest-flowers
Woo to their breast the breeze;
The sturdy peasant's care-worn cheek
Is dimpled deep with joy:
The invalid with gladness hails
The kind return of health;
All nature wears the face of heaven:
How beautiful is SPRING!

GRAVE OF THE DUELLIST.

WHO sleeps beneath this lonely mound?
Whose ashes here repose?
I see the drops of blood around,
Which deeper tinge the rose.

Is it a hero sleeps beneath—
Some chief of spotless fame?
The flowers are withered on the heath—
No marble speaks his name.

It cannot be RELIGION'S child,
That sleeps forgotten here;
For on these flowers, so wan and wild,
Is seen no friendly tear.

It cannot be the lover's form,
That lies so dark and low:
I hear no requiem but the storm—
No piercing sound of wo.

The wretch, whose dust is here enshrined,
Possessed a coward heart;
No wreath by beauty's hand entwined,
Did fame to him impart.

Compassion wept not o'er his grave—
Religion did not mourn;
He lived, of honor FALSE, the slave—
He died, his COUNTRY'S SCORN.

TIME.

[See Revelations, Chapter 10th.]

HIGH on his throne of moss-robed ruins sate
A hoary monarch, erst called TIME;
Around his temple growled the storms of fate,
And swift-winged lightnings flashed sublime;
His head was pillowed on the mountain-steep—
His limbs reclined o'er all the earth;
And, as if tired of havoc, seemed to sleep,
To wake, refreshed, for horrid mirth.

But ere he rose, a form supremely fair,
Whose brow a rainbow wreath entwined—
His visage as the sun—his feet as fire—
And in an azure cloud enshrined,
Descended from his bright abode of bliss,
And on the earth his left foot set;
His right, the ocean-surges kindly kiss,
Nor dare his garment's hem to wet.

He raised his arm—and, trembling, pale with fear,
The king of devastation woke;
Then thundered forth this mandate in his ear,
And ocean's coral caverns shook:
"By HIM, who formed the earth, and sea, and air,
Who was, and is, for evermore—
By him, thou hoary-headed king, I swear,
THY FATE IS SEALED—THY REIGN IS O'ER."

AN ELEGY,

On a Cow, assassinated during the late war.

ILL-FATED Cow! my muse thy fate shall sing,
And to thy grave a dewy wreath I'll bring;
A wreath from fragrant grass and clover wove—
Such grass and clover as thou once didst love.

Short was thy life, oh, heifer sleek, and fair!
What cruel wretches those rude sailors were,
Who could, without a single sigh or tear,
Cut thy long, gristly throat from ear to ear!

What time those sailors mount to furl the sail,
Then may they hear thee bellowing in the gale,
And see thee grind thy teeth with vengeful ire,
As when thou didst upon the sand expire.

Oh, may they long thy glaring eye-balls meet—
Thy body robed in death's huge winding-sheet;
And may the wind, hoarse whistling through thy bo
Sound in their ears worse than thy dying groans.

Yes, luckless heifer! may thy horned shade
Those wretches' every path through life invade;
And when they fain would drink their grog on sho
Whisk thou thy tail, and knock their glasses o'er.

And now, lamented shade! I'll say, adieu!
But still with sweetest grass thy grave I'll strew;
Hoping, that when death sets MY spirit free,
Some friend, at least, will RAW the earth on ME.

THE POET'S "HOUR OF PEACE."

KNOW ye the poet's hour of peace ?
Know ye an hour more calm than even,
When all his cares and sorrows cease,
And he can raise his thoughts to heaven;

'Tis not when near the cheerful fire
He sips the tide of Bacchus' vine,
And bids his fingers kiss the lyre
Till all its strains seem rapt, divine.

'Tis not when love his bosom warms,
Or when that love is well repaid;
'Tis not when pleasure spreads her charms,
And lures him to a wanton's bed.

'Tis not when in sweet minstrelsy
He sings to some enchanting fair,
And breathes, unheard, the tell-tale sigh,
Or lonely hums a fruitless prayer.

'Tis not when deeds of martial fame
Rush on his soul, and bid him sing;
'Tis not when flattery gilds his name,
And styles him a poetic king.

Nor is it when soft pity claims
His noblest, sweetest meed of praise;
Or charity his soul inflames
Her deeds of love in verse to blaze.

No, reader, no—the poet's hour,
His hour of REAL, sweet repose,
Is not in fancy's blissful bower,
Or where Elysian floweret grows.

But oh, 'tis in his garret high,
When lost in meditation deep,
He hears no BAILIFF'S footsteps nigh—
His CREDITORS are all—ASLEEP.

STANZAS,

Written by moonlight, at the grave of a youth.

'TIS now the solemn noon of night!
A space of rest to mortals given—
And Cynthia tips with silvery light
The dark-blue canopy of heaven:
The world is still—the breeze is mild,
And soft the tears of evening fall
On this lone bed, where virtue's child
Reposes, near the church-yard wall.

Sweet child of song! with grief sincere
Full oft I seek thy lonely urn,
And as I drop my parting tear
I pause, and sigh—then back return,
To curse that world's mock-charity
Which, LIVING, heeded not thy moan,
But, DEAD, would consecrate to thee
An emblem of its heart—a STONE.

Spirit of song! adieu—adieu!
No more thy hand the lyre shall sweep;
It hangs upon the withered yew,
Round which the sons of genius weep;
And though the world thy simple strain
With proud contempt refused to hear,
Yet shall thy lay admittance gain
To thine ALMIGHTY FATHER'S ear.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

Written near the banks of the Schuylkill.

GLIDE, glide thee on, thou beauteous stream,
In silence through the glade;
Awake the minstrel from his dream,
To sing the cottage maid.

Roll on, majestic, calm, and clear,
And lave the verdant spot
Where first I met the maiden, dear,
Beside her native cot.

How swiftly flew, on angel-wing,
Those blissful hours of love!
We hailed with joy the smiles of spring,
And emblemized the dove.

Then did our sinless souls enjoy
As pure a ray of heaven—
As free from every base alloy,
As e'er to man was given.

Thy queen, oh, night, that walks her way
Through heaven's blue fields above,
Ne'er lent to earth a chaster ray
Than shone upon our love.

Our peaceful minds no sorrow knew,
We felt no anxious care;
We trod on flowers—we drank the dew—
We breathed the vital air.

Affection left the cushat's nest,
And found a better home;
The cushat sought fair Ellen's breast,
Nor longer wished to roam.

T—— TO THE "BOSTON BARD."

HAIL, tender bard! who, warmed with ardent fire,
In sweetest strains awakes the slumbering lyre:
Hail, pensive muse! whose native, artless lay,
Now wildly soars, and now dissolves away;
Whose notes, in soft, and plaintive accents mild,
Declare thyself misfortune's favourite child.
Deep are thy woes, and our sad bosoms share
The sighs of anguish, heaved by bitter care:
Ere yet thy sun his race had well began,
Or youth advanced from childhood up to man,
Misfortune's gloom o'erspread the darkening sky,
And fitful beams portended danger nigh;
Clouds of dark sorrow thickened on thy way,
And thy young morn announced a cheerless day.
Winged with despair, the shaft of trouble flew,
And the keen arrow to its aim was true!
Dark disappointment with unwearied smart,
In ruthless anguish quivered in thy heart.
But, child of sorrow, change thy mournful strain;
Though all below is mixed with care and pain,
Firm faith looks up through clouds of darkest night,
And views beyond, the realms of blissful light.
Soon shall the clouds of sorrow burst away,
And calm content again resume her sway;
Soft, gentle peace, shall sooth thy weary breast,
And hush the storm to sweet and lasting rest.

REPLY TO "T——."

PEACE to thy bosom, son of song!
Sweet minstrel of a cloudless day;
To thee Apollo's wreaths belong—
To thee the muses reverence pay:
Bright was the star that o'er thy birth
Presided with prophetic ray—
That told a wretched world thy worth,
And cheered it with thy pensive lay.

Bard of a living lyre! I claim
No flower of all that bloom so fair
On steep Parnassus' brow of fame,
To deck the bards who wander there:
I only ask that friendly lips,
In future day may breathe my name—
And he, who of Pieira sips,
May read, and sigh—but never blame.

'Tis true, alas! life's early dawn
Was darkened by the clouds of care,
And e'er I hailed youth's ruddy morn,
My sun of hope set in despair:
'Tis true, indeed, that I have met
The storms of life with bosom bare;
And loved a heart that could forget
What solemn vows of friendship were.

Yet thou hast bid me change the strain,
The strain of wo, to misery dear—
And sayest sweet hope, and peace, again
Shall bless my bosom, lone and drear:
Thou tellest of heaven—and this is well;
For oh, I hail that moment, near,
When death shall calm my bosom's swell,
And meek-eyed Pity, bending o'er my bier,
Shall blot her poet's errors with a tear.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

DEAR little Cupid—god of Love!
If sighs or tears thy pity move;
If lovers' prayers—if lovers' vows,
From souls as chaste as Zembla's snows,
Ere rose to greet thy godship's ear,
Oh, deign my humble prayer to hear.

Give her, to whom my fate I bind,
A humble, pure, and heavenly mind;
Adorn her form with every grace,
Let modest blushes tinge her face,
And on her forehead, smooth and fair,
Be worth and genius written there:

Endow her with those heavenly charms
Adonis found in Venus' arms;
O give her lips, like rubies red—
Let raven ringlets deck her head,
And let her eyes of azure hue
Be mildly bright and piercing too;
Give, give her all that I have sung,
But, pr'ythee, do not add—a TONGUE!

TO MY FRIENDS.

MY harp, that tuneless long has lain,
To blank forgetfulness a prey,
Once more renews its humble strain,
Not for applause, or smiles to gain,
But to its friends a tribute pay.

Ye friends belov'd—ye chosen few,
Whose kindness claims my thanks sin
May heav'n your paths with roses strew;
Nor pain or sorrow may you know,
How long or short you wander here.

May plenty ope her silver horn,
And strew its treasures at your feet;
And may on gentle breezes borne,

Arise at eve and early morn,
The song of GRATITUDE most sweet.

May all the blessings heaven bestows,
On you like evening dew descend;
And when the stream of sorrow flows,
To calm your grief, and sooth your woes,
O may you never want a FRIEND.

SENSUAL PLEASURE.

PLEASURE, what art thou?—a shadow—a dream—
A bubble—a vision of youth;
A twinkling—a blaze—a sun dazzling-beam—
A word, without meaning or truth.

Thou art but a bubble, high floating in air,
With hues of the rainbow adorned;
A something—a nothing—a beautiful fair,
In a moment both courted and scorned.

Thou art but a light which folly pursues,
A dew-drop—a fanciful lure—
A plaything—a toy which all men abuse,
To render destruction more sure.

To tell thee the truth, thou art but a fien
Enrobed in a mantle of light,
The curse of the young, the folly of age—
Of GENIUS the mildew and blight.

"Z," TO THE "BOSTON BARI

On reading the impromptu on the executio

MINSTREL of the pensive lay!
Harp, whose plaintive, melting strains,
Sweetly soothing, oft display
Power to lull the keenest pains:

Raise the fearful song no more
To the deeds of LEON'S king;
Wake the silver chords no more,
Rudely sounds the trembling string.

When Apollo's lyre from heaven,
Daring deed! was snatched by thee,
Mercy to the act was given—
Pity stood and plead for thee.

When Olympus' power was braved,
'Twas sweet pity soothed the ire—
'Twas maternal fondness saved;
Then to pity tune thy lyre.

Who should raise the lover's strain,
Warbling soft, in accents wild;
Who of slighted love complain,
But sweet Pity's orphan child?

REPLY TO "Z."

WHEN curst oppression rears its frightful head,
When patriot blood on LEON's shore is shed;
When hoary chiefs—a nation's hope in war,
Furrowed by age, and seamed with many a scar—
When THESE are tortured on the murderous wheel,
Or doomed to die upon a BROTHER's steel;
In such an hour, in such a fearful day,
Oh, should the minstrel chant a PENSIVE lay?
Shall he who claims the sacred feelings of a man,
Who proudly styles himself, AMERICAN!
Shall he to LEON's king obsequious bow,
And kiss the hand that lays a freeman low?
Shall he, unmoved, behold the tempest, dread,
Which threatens soon to burst on LEON's head?
Shall he, unmoved, behold the bleeding brave
Consigned, full often, to a living grave?
Shall he not wake in freedom's cause his lyre,
And strive to rouse the passive patriot's fire?
Shall he not bid the slumbering Spaniard wake,
And from the chain of hateful slavery break?

Shall he not tell him of his country's shame—
Contrasting LEON'S with COLUMBIA'S fame?
Shall he not use his minstrel power to tell
How MINA fought—how gallant MINA fell?
Yes—while one lingering ray of hope remains
That Spain may yet escape her tyrant's chains,
So long the bard, who glows with patriot fire,
In freedom's cause shall wake his patriot lyre.

THE ORPHAN,

TO THE SPIRIT OF HIS BENEFACTOR.

SPIRIT of him, upon whose breast
My wearied head hath sunk to rest,
In childhood's cloudless morn;
Spirit of him, whose cheering smile,
Could life of all its cares beguile—
Extract affliction's thorn:
Oh, from thy throne of glory hear
The tribute of a heart sincere.

Spirit of him, whose friendly eye,
Through all the scenes of infancy,
Hath watched my wayward feet;
Spirit of him, who oft has shed
Hope's cheering rays around my bed,

When life no more was sweet;
Oh, from thy heavenly home impart
One cheering smile to glad my heart.

Spirit of him, whose hallowed tongue,
In strains more sweet than Orpheus sung,
So oft hath soothed my wo;
Spirit of him, whose dying breath
Proclaimed the christian's hope in death,
And bids my tears now flow;
Speak, from thy heavenly home of peace,
And bid again my sorrows cease.

Spirit of him, to whom is given
To taste the lasting bliss of heaven—
The recompense of worth;
Oh, when from this frail house of clay,
My spirit wings to heaven its way,
And bids adieu to earth—
Descend; and to thy bright abode of joy,
Conduct the spirit of the ORPHAN BOY.

ELEGY ON A FLY.

'TIS said, the moral muse a theme can find
In every page and line of nature's book;
Then sure my muse, with taste yet unrefined,
May deign upon an insect's dust to look.

Ill-fated insect! time indeed has been
When thou, like me, wast blythe, jocund, and gay;
Until grim death, concealed behind the scene,
Hurled his fell shaft, and spoiled thy harmless play.

Thou wast, perchance, while in this world of wo,
More busy striving to be something GREAT,
Than he who bids these mournful numbers flow,
And wails, unlucky FLY! thy hapless fate.

Like th' coquette, oft have I seen thee glide
Before the mirror's smooth, reflecting face,
As if, like her, to gratify thy pride,
And see that all things were in proper place.

Like an unfeeling creditor, with duns,
Oft have I heard thee buzzing in my ear;
Or like some elf, who back and forward runs,
To tell such tales as none but fools will hear.

I've also seen thee climb the glassy steep,
To look, no doubt, with scorn on those below,
Until the spider's fangs have made thee weep,
And thou hast fallen, e'en as thy fellows, low.

So fares the BARD, with wealth nor learning blest,
Who seeks Parnassus' dazzling height to gain;
E'en there some CRITIC-spider wounds his breast,
And he retreats, like thee, too oft in vain.

Yet not like man thou feelest chill winter's breath;
Dull torpor robs thee of the sense of pain,
Till summer bids thee wake from seeming death,
And thy short, useless life, renews again.

But, though to man, no summer-breezes, mild,
To rouse him from the wintry grave are given,
Yet HE, who guides the storm and whirlwind wild,
Shall bid him wake to ENDLESS LIFE IN HEAVEN.

"ALCANDER," TO THE "BOSTON BARD."

CHILD of the harp, whose pensive strain,
Sweet as the balmy breath of even,
Full oft hath soothed dark sorrow's pain,
And peace to misery's bosom given;

Say, wilt thou not resign thy lyre,
Whose thrilling chords ne'er waked in vain;
Yield back to heaven its hallowed fire—
No more awake the raptured strain?

For know, fond youth, thy "wood notes, wild,"
Though sweet as vows of early love,
Though they may lull affliction's child—
The feeling soul to rapture move;

They ne'er will sooth thy own sad hour,
Ne'er heal the wounds despair has made—
When on thy hopes dark tempests lour,
When all thy joys like visions fade.

For who will hush thy cares to rest—
What kindly heart with friendship glows?
Oh, where now throbs the tender breast,
To give the minstrel sweet repose?

The glittering ore, that sparkling shines,
To selfish souls is far more dear
Than all the wreaths the muse entwines—
Than sad misfortune's melting tear.

Then, youthful minstrel, yield thy lyre,
And spurn the wreaths the muses bring;
The lover's strain no more inspire—
Apollo's myrtle hides a sting.

TO "ALCANDER."

"Say, wilt thou not resign thy lyre,
"Whose thrilling chords ne'er waked in vain."

NO: I would not resign my lyre
For India's wealthiest mine;
I would not part with poesy's fire
For gold, though deemed divine.

I would not change my bosom throes
To win a monarch's smile;
I would not change dear poesy's woes
To gain an emerald isle.

"ALCANDER" know, there is a bliss
E'en in a poet's tear;
There is a charm in friendship's kiss
Than gold more truely dear.

And all the pleasure wealth or power
Can to the soul impart,
Is cold and lifeless to the fire
That warms a feeling heart.

Then come, my harp, for oh, too long
In slumber hast thou lain;
My soul is heavy—wake thy song,
And cheer me yet again.

Thou hast ONE friend who deigns to hear
Thy simple "wood notes wild;"
Then, fearless, wake thy strain so dear,
And sooth "misfortune's child."

Believe not thou that VIRTUE'S smile
Will ne'er reward thy strain;
Believe not thou that all thy toil
Is fruitless care and pain.

For now around thy chords is 'twined
A wreath by virtue wove;
A chaplet fair, of flowers refined,
Wreathed by the hand of love.

And though rude storms may dare invade
To blight these budding flowers,
Despair not thou—thy worth is weighed
By one who feels thy powers.

Then, O my lyre, we must not part
While I have life and breath;
For I will press thee to my heart,
Yea, grasp thee firm in DEATH.

MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

I DO remember, one blest eve
When all the world was calm,
I sat me down a wreath to weave,
LOUISA'S heart to charm.

And when the garland I had wove,
And twined it round her brow,
I felt a something—'twas not LOVE!
To love I knew not how.

It was a feeling kind and dear,
*A so*mething undefined;

A ray of joy, as bright and clear
As warms a heavenly mind.

And though from that blest hour my eye
Hath never viewed her face—
Yea, though I never heard her sigh,
Nor met her fond embrace;

Yet this dear something which I felt
In childhood's early day,
Within my bosom still hath dwelt—
Still cheers my life's decay.

Oh, tell me what this something was—
This feeling new, explain;
Th' effect I know—to find the cause
I've asked my heart in vain.

And till some wiser lips define
What o'er my senses stole,
I'll rest content to style its name
The MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * 'Twas a beauteous spot
Of fertile earth, wherein a thousand flowers,
Of varied hues and fragrance, breathed around
As sweet an odour as was ever born

On ocean-breezes from Arabia's shore.
Each tree, each shrub, each plant was in its bloom
And wore a look indicative of joy.
"Who," said the stranger, "who, on such a scene,
Can fix his wandering thoughts, and yet deny
The great existence of a Power Supreme?
Examine well the structure of this flower!
Who was the artist? who its petals formed?
Who bade its embryo leaves expand,
And woo the kisses of the summer wind?
Who was the painter? who its colors laid?
Whose breath revived, and through December's r
Shielded its feeble form, till summer's smile
Should bid it flourish, and its fragrance shed,
To please the eye and gratify the sense
Of all the children of this nether world?
It is not—cannot be the work of CHANCE!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TO A LADY, WITH A CAKE OF SOAP.

THE sparkling gem of India's mine
Doth not its VALUE lose,
Though on the robes of sluts it shine,
Or deck the beggar's clothes:
But who, I'd ask, my gentle fair—
And answer if you please,
Would ever seek for diamonds, rare,
On garments such as these?

I know full well THOU art secure
From hateful POVERTY;
I know thy SOUL is chaste and pure
As aught on earth may be;
Yet round the house in which it dwells,
(For dust with dust will weave)
Without the aid of magic spells,
A veil of dust will cleave.

Therefore, a something must be found
To purge that dust away;
For none seek PEARL beneath the ground,
Or CORAL in the quay!
That something, lady, have I sent—
'Twill not offend I hope,
For, on my word, no harm is meant—
'Tis but a cake of SOAP.

And, lady, when this cake you press
Your snowy hands between,
And mark the bubble's varied dress,
Of azure, gold, and green;
Then, lady, think that bubble, brief,
Of life an emblem, true;
Man's but a bubble on the leaf,
That breaks e'en at the view.

And oh, if e'er the little guest
That dwells thy breast within,

Should through misfortune sink oppressed,
And taint itself with sin;
Then haste thee to that streamlet, wide,
Which from thy SAVIOUR stole,
And thou shalt find its purple tide
The ALKALI OF SOUL.

VISION I.

I SAW a man, who on his bosom wore
A golden medal, curiously engraved,
And set with precious stones, of regal price.
There was an emblem on its outer side,
Which did most strictly represent a man
Standing upon a rushing torrent's brink,
Half naked: then at his feet there knelt a child,
With eyes upraised, as if its soul would say,
"GOD of the righteous! in thy mercy save,
And bless, for ever bless my kind PRESERVER."

VISION II.

I SAW a GRAVE, wherein there slept a man
Who'd been a soldier under WASHINGTON.
The village people told me he was one
Whose truth and honesty had passed the test
Of ANDRE'S gold! and thereby had preserved
The liberty and honor of his country.
I asked them then, if they could tell me where
His sculptured MONUMENT might be surveyed:
They wept!——

———There was a man, in years advanced,
Who, seeing that their honest hearts were full,
o that their lips no answer could bestow,
tepped forth, and to my question thus replied :
Stranger, whene'er thy raptured eye shall view
. monument on VERNON'S flowery height,
'o tell the traveller where in silence sleeps
'he FATHER of his country, and the friend
If him who also sleeps neglected here ;
'hen, and not *till then*, shalt thou with joy behold
ι monument on PAULDING'S ashes rise !"

FAME, WEALTH, BEAUTY, AND RELIGION.

VICTOR, what avails the wreath
That erst entwined thy brow ?
Alas ! those flowers no longer breathe,
For death hath laid thee low !
And what avails the storied urn
That blazons forth thy fame ?
That sculptured vase to dust shall turn—
Oblivion blot thy name.

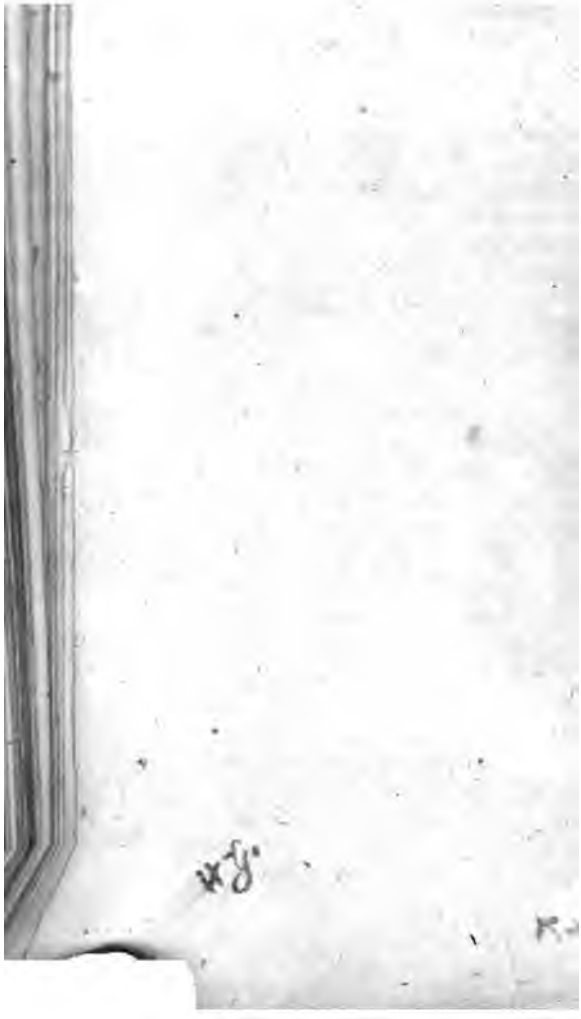
What too avails those scars so deep,
Received in battle-fray ?
"THEY'RE PROOFS OF VALOR !"—TIME shall sweep
Thy VALOR'S PROOFS away !
And what avails the minstrel's song
That sounds thy praises forth ?

The minstrel's head shall rest ere long
Upon the lap of earth.

Avarice, what avails thy dreams
Of happiness in gold?
Thy funeral torch already gleams—
Thy days on earth are told:
What now avails thy hoarded wealth?
Is it with thee inurned?
No—"Naked from the earth you came,
And naked have returned."

Beauty, what avails the rose
That decks thy dimpled cheek?
Age on thy head shall strew his snows,
And death his vengeance wreak:
And what avails thy form so fair,
Or eyes so dazzling bright?
That form shall waste 'neath sullen care—
Those suns shall set in night.

But, blest RELIGION! much avails
Thy hope of bliss in heaven;
For though thy barque, by adverse gales,
On death's dark shore be driven,
Still thou canst smile! thy steady eye
Can pierce the cheerless gloom,
And view, through dark futurity,
The day-spring of the tomb.



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